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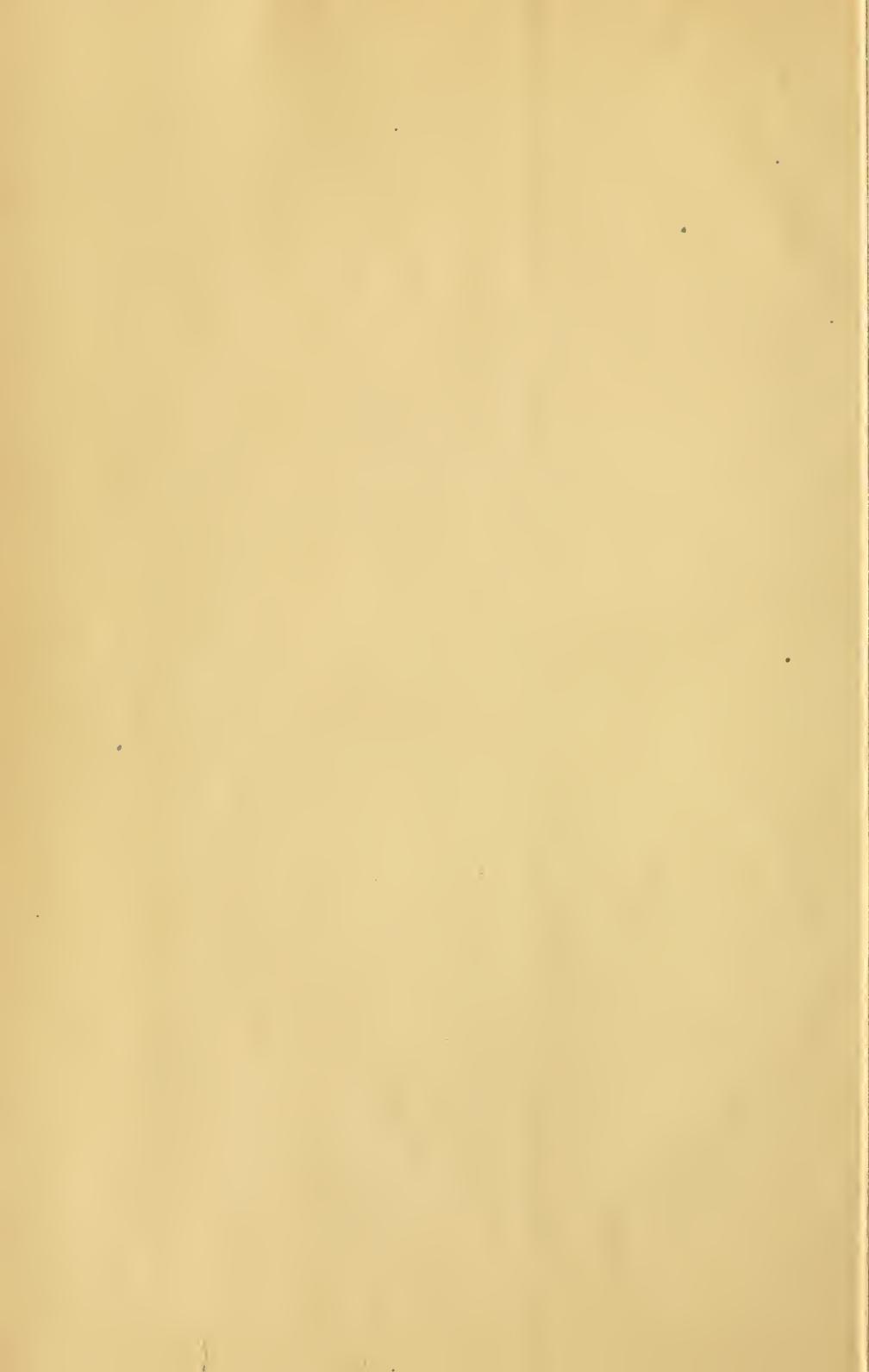
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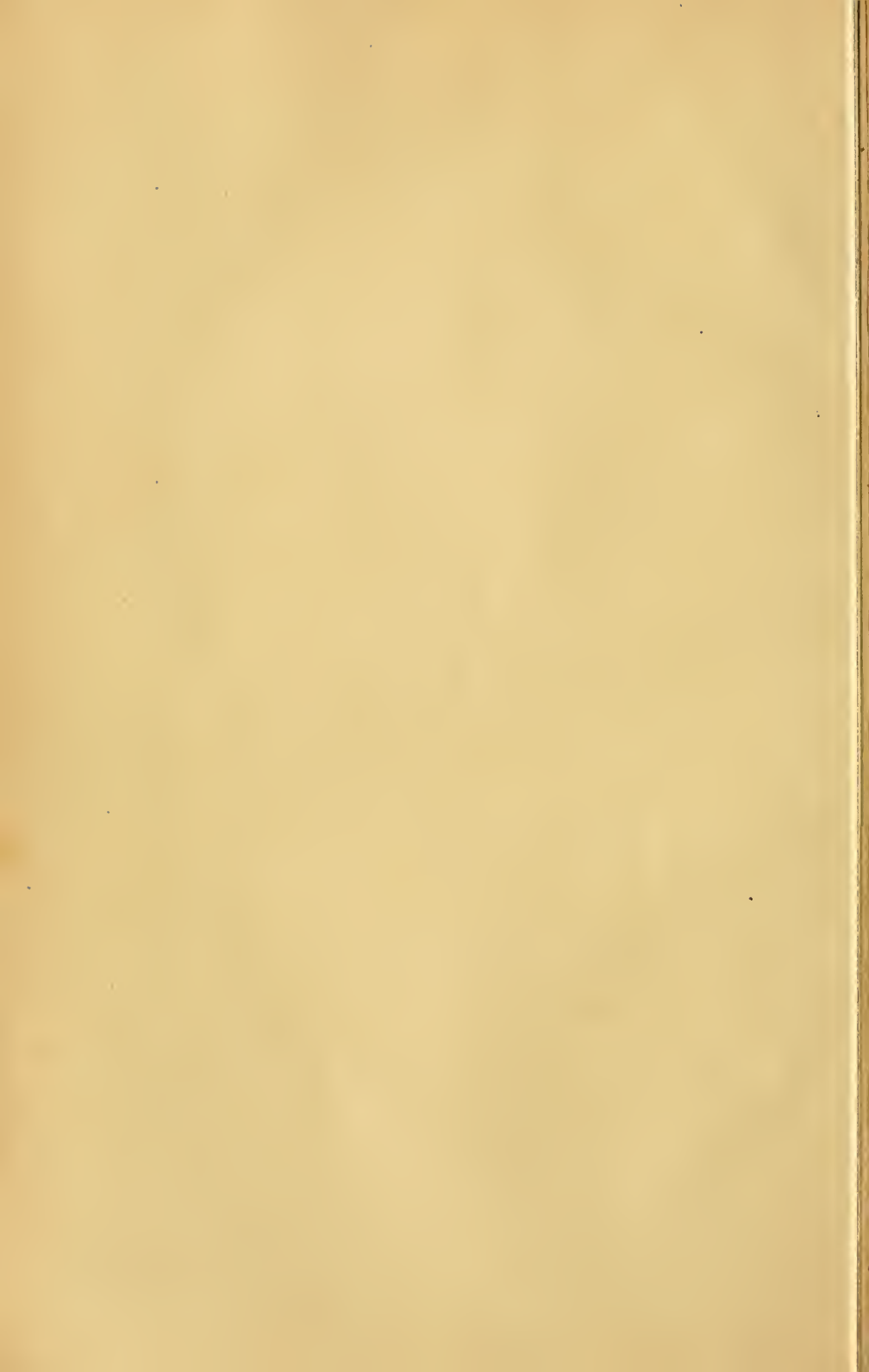
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









THE
HYPOCRITE UNMASK'D :

A
COMEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS.

BY W. WINSTANLEY,
" "
OF NEW-YORK.



NEW-YORK :
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY GEO. F. HOPKINS.
1801.

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THE
MANAGER AND THE AUTHOR;
OR,
A SPECIMEN
OF NOVEL CONCEPTION:

A TIT-BIT, BY WAY OF

PRELUDE.

Manager returning the manuscript.

Man. I've read your play, and find it will not do;
The rage and fashion now is——something new;
Instance—the works of Burke, or Kotzebue.

Auth. True, Sir; I therefore thrust a bloody key
In Act the First,

Man. ————— That's right; you know the way
To strike an audience; yes, yes, you do,
But with one key—the piece with very few
Will take. And if you can't contrive to give
The thing a sable coffin; or relieve
The plot with some such striking incident,
Your piece will surely fail of its intent.

Auth. Why la! Good Sir, you hav'nt read it o'er,
My second brings a coffin on the floor!!

Man. True, true. I recollect a coffin there,
But daggers are the things to make folks stare.

Auth. Why! zounds and damn it! there's a dagger next.

Man. Aye—very true indeed! Well, don't be vext.

A stupid, senseless Comedy I've seen,
By apish mummery and spasmodic grin,
Sav'd from the damning hiss of Box and Pit,
And eke, the clutches of reviewer's wit.
Go home, good man, and add (the thing will please)
Two coffins more, two daggers more, and two more keys.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MEN.

MR. ALLWORTHY.
CAPTAIN ALLWORTHY, *his Son*.
FERDINAND TEMPLE, *friend of Capt. Allworthy*.
COL. HARTLY, *a pretended admirer of Eliza Allworthy*.
COMMODORE TOPLIFT, *uncle to Ferdinand Temple*.
JUSTICE MITTIMUS.
FUNGUS, *a Money Broker*.
SPIGGET, *a Tavern Keeper*.
JOEY, *his Son*.
FRIBBLE, *Servant to Col. Hartly*.
BEN BOBSTAY, *Servant to the Commodore*.
THOMAS, *Servant to Ferdinand Temple*.
WATCHMEN and CONSTABLES.

WOMEN.

MRS. ALLWORTHY.
ELIZA ALLWORTHY, *her daughter*.
SOPHIA TEMPLE, *Sister to Ferdinand Temple*.
MRS. SPIGGET.
MRS. DAVIES.
MRS. MITTIMUS.
FLORA, *Eliza's Maid*.

THE
HYPOCRITE UNMASK'D.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A parlor in SPIGGET's house ; SPIGGET
conducting FERDINAND TEMPLE in.*

Spig. **T**HIS way, your honor, this way—here is a parlor, though I say it, that commands one of the sweetest, the pleasantest prospects of any within fifty miles of it—from this here window you may feast your honor's eyes until——

Ferd. Until I'm wearied with the sight, I suppose : but, good Mr. Spigget, I would much rather regale my stomach with a slice or two of your roast beef, and a bottle of claret. It is now almost eleven hours since I broke my fast, and therefore have no very pressing inclination to gratify any other appetite but that which so long a fast, and so long a journey, has created.

Spig. Lud, Sir ! Your honor shall be served with all the dainties the Blue Bell affords, in a crack, as the saying is—for I know how to feel for a worthy gentleman in such a plight, having sometimes been in the same way myself. Experience makes fools wise, as the saying is—for you must know, Sir, about last Michaelmas, my wife Debórah——

Ferd. For heaven's sake, Mr. Spigget ! have the goodness to set before me some of those dainties

ties you were just speaking of ; and then for the Michaelmas story, if you please.

Spig. Directly, your honor—instantly, Sir. I know the consequences of long fasting. It must, to a gentleman of your delicate—here Betty, —John—Deborah, I say.

Enter Mrs. SPIGGET.

Mrs. Spig. What now, besides the devil, ails you, numbskull ? (I crave your honor's pardon—to *Ferdinand*.) A body can never take a little refreshing repose towards evening, but they must be disturbed by the braying of thy beastly lungs.

Spig. The gentleman, my lamb, complains that he is a little hungry, or so—and wants a bit of dinner as soon as possible ; and I was but a going to order it, my dear.

Mrs. Spig. Your honor's most obsequious, very humble servant. I hope you will feel, your honor, as comfortable at the Blue Bell as tho' your honor was at a palace. What shall I order your honor ? We have a larder, though I say it, that might set a London alderman a craving.

Ferd. Any thing, any thing, good Mrs. Spigget—only favor me with some refreshment as soon as possible ; and in the mean time, desire my man to come in.

Mr. and Mrs. Spig. Instantly, your honor, instantly. [*Exit both.*]

Enter THOMAS.

Ferd. Well, Thomas, how do you feel, after the fatigues of our journey ? Have you taken care of our baggage ?

Thos. All is safe, Sir. I've made a fire in the chamber, which the landlord has told me you are
to

to occupy ; and have delivered the letter to Captain Allworthy, who received the news of your arrival with great pleasure.

Ferd. I am glad of it—for I believe he is the only friend I can boast of in this place. You'll take particular care, Thomas, of the small black trunk, for in it lies all the treasure I am possessed of in this world ; and, unless that little is managed with great prudence, our sufferings, I fear, will soon be written in the catalogue of our bones.

Thos. I hope better things, Sir. Your good old uncle, I trust, notwithstanding it is so long since you have heard from him, is still alive and prosperous ; and who knows but that the next letter may more than compensate all the inconvenience you have sustained in so long and so painful a silence!

Ferd. Thou art a good natured fellow, Thomas ; but thy goodness, I fear, is apt to make thee judge too favorably of things : Heaven forgive me, if I impute this neglect wrongfully ; but I have seen so much of late, to make me judge unfavorably of every thing, that my mind seems predisposed to doubtfulness and gloom. We do the world no injury, Thomas, by questioning its probity ; but we wrong ourselves very much, if we never question it.

Thos. Dear master, think of happier days.

Ferd. I'm not unhappy, Thomas.

Thos. In your good old father's service, I saved eighty pounds ; since his death, though I have not been able to add one shilling to it, I have yet been able to keep it entire : this store, my good master, is at your service ; and, in using it, you will do me a greater kindness, than you could by increasing it ten fold : It would ill become me to hoard up that little. Whilst the child of him from
whom

whom I received it, wants so much, I have no occasion for it now; and my weakened frame portends me I shall soon be released from every want.

Ferd. Do not add to my affliction, Thomas! I thank you—from my soul, I thank you; but things are not yet so bad—I will take thy advice, Thomas, and hope for better days. There is, I believe, no condition of humanity, however deplorable, which a gracious providence may not alleviate. I see it is our duty to bear with fortitude the greatest evils that can befall us; the worst of calamities could not happen without divine permission.

Thos. Your adversity is of no uncommon complexion; besides, you have talents that will ensure you more than subsistence in any quarter of the world.

Ferd. Would to heaven I had never possessed them! For then, had nature given me a mind more fitted to encounter the severities of fate. A poor man, Thomas, has more than poverty to contend with: the world ever thinks ill of him who fares ill; and the lower he sinks, the greater weight he has to sustain. Good God! What storms—what sad vicissitudes of fate have I not endured!—Yes! I remember when with plenteous cup my board was crown'd—when luxury and festive mirth cheered every happy guest—how the pliant sycophant, profusely kind, would tender his services, sure to be rejected: But when reverse of fortune came, how soon, alas! each brow was purred in supercilious neglect!

Enter JOEY.

Joey. Your honor's dinner is ready, smoking hot upon the board, waiting your excellency's pleasure and appetite.

Ferd.

Fer. Shew me in.

Joey. Here Betty, John, who waits there? (*A servant enters and conducts Ferdinand out.*)

Joey. (*Eying Thomas significantly.*) Pray, Sir, ar'nt you a sort of a parson?

Thos. Pray, Sir, ar'nt you a sort of a coxcomb?

Joey. He! he! he! I see you bear no relation to the Cassoc—there's but little wit in religion.

Thos. And very little religion in wit, if we may judge of the inside by the out.

Joey. Which, by the bye, is a thing impossible; yet would I willingly give up all pretensions to the former, for the reputation of the latter.

Thos. And yet they say, wit is but a feather.

Joey. With which thy cap, I fear, will ne'er be plum'd.

Thos. Pray, Sir, how long have you been an idiot?

Joey. Ever since I took you for a man of sense. My service to you, Sir. [*Exit Joey.*]

Thos. Unmeaning piece of foolery! What, here comes another wit, I suppose.—(*Hearing Fribble sing as he enters.*)

Frib. Servant, Sir.

Thos. Yours, Sir.

Frib. Pray, Sir (*looking for a letter*) pray, Sir, can you inform me whether I am right?

Thos. Have you reference to your head, or to your heels, Sir?

Frib. Ha! ha! ha! why, faith, to both, I believe, ha! ha! ha!—that's a good'n—What, you are a wit, eh! wish we had you at our club—But tell me, Sir, does Mr. Ferdinand Temple lodge here?

Thos. He does, Sir.

Frib.

Frib. Then be good enough to deliver him this letter—it comes from Capt. Allworthy, whose house I have just left, and was requested to convey this letter safely into Mr. Temple's hands—It may require an answer; I shall, therefore, wait.

[Thomas receives the letter, and goes out.]

Enter JOEY, singing.

Joey. Tall de rall lall la—Ah, my dear Fribble, how do'st, how do'st—Where have you kept yourself these fifteen centuries? By the immortal Shakespeare—I——

Frib. Stay, stay—Do you know any thing of the gentleman who arrived here this morning?

Joey. No; how the devil should I? besides, I've no time to inquire—I have the part of Othello to get off by next Wednesday, and to-morrow——

Frib. I think——

Joey. How of thy thought, Iago?

Frib. Damn your Iago's! tell me who do you think he is?

Joey. Most reverend, grave, and potent!

Frib. Pshaw, man, what the devil's got into thy brains?

Joey. Why, why that monk-looking grummy is his waiting-man, I believe; he pretends to wit too, but I think I've purg'd him of that conceit.

Frib. I don't know who they can be, but the letter which grummy, as you call him, put into Capt. Temple's hands this morning, has almost deprived him of his wits. I just arrived there with a billet-doux from my gentleman, a few moments before the old pest gave him the letter, and as John wasn't at home, I was dispatched with that I have just delivered.

Joey. Pshaw, pshaw, a fig for the billet-doux:
tell

tell me how my goddess, my charming Flora, does—I know you often see her, bewitching, no doubt, as ever——ch!

Lillies white, and damask roses,
Her untucker'd neck discloses;
Cherries red, her lips so pretty,
And her speech so wonderful witty;
Tell me, Fribb—hear my sighs—
How to gain the lovely prize!

Frib. Bravo, bravo—Why, by making her sensible of thy merits and thy love, and by establishing thy reputation for bravery.

Joey. True—none but the brave deserve the fair.

Frib. Well, but she calls thee an infamous, cowardly poltroon.

Joey. She's a lying fish fag, a calumniating baggage—I know what she means—I didn't refuse to fight him—we only differed about the time and place.—A poltroon!! and a coward!!!——
Stuff me with blunderbusses—fry me in saltpetre—pepper me with gunpowder—A poltroon!!!
(*Strutting about the stage.*)

Frib. She pretends, too, to dislike thee for that very part of thy nature which indicates the future greatness of thy life, and swears she won't have thee, unless thou wilt quit thy stage mania, and cursed propensity to rhyming.

Joey. The great globe itself, and all which it inherits, shall dissolve, before I quit the stage, because, because, because the stage I love.

Frib. Bravo again. Egad, Joey, that thou hast wit, nobody will deny: But where's the verses you promised to shew me? Suppose I take 'em to her.

Joey.

Joey. A good hint—so you shall—here they are—*(pulling them out of his pocket)*—I've set 'em to music too.

Frib. Better and better—you've a sweet voice, *Joey*, and I've long'd to witness thy musical powers—Come, let's have a song.

Joey. With all my heart, with all my heart—hem—hem—I've a cold tho'—hem.

Say, dearest *Flora*, shall a swain
Of *Joey's* worth and merit,
End all his griefs, and all his pain,
And die a broken spirit?
To die, to sleep, to end his days,
He is resolv'd, unless you
Relieve his woes, confess his praise,
And suffer him to bless you.

Frib. Excellent, most excellent. Egad, a lucky thought—suppose, *Joey*, you serenade her to-night—her chamber-window, you know, is exactly over the garden gate; she can't fail of hearing you, and if her heart is not as insensible as a pumpkin, you may yet awake it to a sense of your merit and your love.

Joey. Thank you, my dearest *Fribble*, I'll take your advice; this evening our club meets; we shall sup late, and drink deep; this will put me in high glee and proper trim for the song, or for any thing else. *(Bell rings.)* Coming, coming.

Frib. Perhaps I may be of your party, for my gentleman is invited to sup out with a party of jolly blades, and won't stir a foot while they are able to stand, I dare say.

Joey. We shall always be happy to see Mr. *Fribble* at our club—Adieu for the present, my boy. *(Bell rings.)*

Frib. Adieu, adieu. If I should not come, remember the garden gate!

[Exit Joey.
Enter

Enter THOMAS.

Thos. My master desires his compliments to Capt. Allworthy: he will be happy to see him at the hour appointed.

[Exit at separate doors, Frib. & Thos.]

SCENE 2d, *changes to a Parlor in Mr. ALLWORTHY's House.* ALLWORTHY *reading a Paper—His LADY and DAUGHTER at Needle Work.*

All. And so this is the same young gentleman who was a fellow-student at college with our Eddy, eh! Poor Eddy has almost lost his wits since he has heard of his friend's arrival. I wonder what the deuce the letter contains which he received from him this morning, that the boy should take on so.

Mrs. All. I have often heard our Eddy exclaim, poor Ferdinand! and when I have questioned him concerning his friend, he has sighed so heavily, that I was afraid to make farther inquiry about him. I shouldn't be surprised, tho', were we to find out that this same friend of his proved at last to be some worthless, some good-for-nothing spend-thrift, as poor as a beggar's brat.

All. Pshaw, hold your tongue. I know enough of him to know better—he was as virtuous and as honorable a lad as ever took a degree. Suppose he is poor, is he any worse on that account? Wasn't I poor? wasn't you poor? and wasn't thousands still poorer than either of us, who set themselves up now-a-days for tip-top quality folk, and look as superciliously out of their carriage windows, as if every body who could not afford to ride like themselves, were of a different species, and only fit to be bespattered with their horses——talk about poor——

Mrs.

Mrs. All. Well, but, Mr. Allworthy, you know the silly propensities of our Eddy's head—Should this same friend of his be in distress, and I have my doubts, it is ten to one but he distresses himself to relieve him. If his poverty should be the child of extravagance, I see no reason why another should be saddled with it.

All. Fudge.

Mrs. All. Aye, you may fudge if you please, but there is a mean in all things, Mr. Allworthy, and virtue itself may be carried to excess.

All. Fudge.

Mrs. All. And, by overstraining, become even a crime.

All. Well, well, my dear, never mind, never mind—You have, however, the consolation of a very quiet conscience on that score: your virtue has not suffered much by overstraining.

Mrs. All. Nor shall it, I warrant you, unless in counteracting your foolish whims and fancies, which I consider, by the bye, one of the greatest virtues I am called upon to exercise, and is the only way of preventing your own ruin, and that of your family.

All. Well, my love, make yourself easy then, you shall never have cause to chide me for neglecting the means to keep alive the exercise of your virtues—What, here comes Eddy.

Enter Capt. ALLWORTHY.

Well, my boy, have you seen your old friend yet?

Ed. No, Sir, but I expect to have that pleasure very soon, as he expects me at the Blue Bell, where he puts up.

All. Go, my boy, and esteem him not a whit
the

the less should you find him as poor as a church mouse.

Mrs. All. Aye, now there it is, there it is, this is the constant theme of your advice to your son.

Miss All. Why, mamma, you surely wouldn't have my brother, who is in want of nothing, regard his friend the less because he is poor, and in want of every thing?

All. That's my little darling—I must have a buss for that—here you little baggage (*giving her some money*) go buy yourself the prettiest pin-cushing you can find at Tom Trinket's, for pleading in behalf of suffering merit—talk about poor—
(*To his wife.*)

Mrs. All. Mercy on us, mercy on us !!

All. What does he say to you in his letters, Eddy?

Ed. His letters leave room enough for commiseration, I confess, but they by no means represent his situation in a light to excite that pity which we are apt to feel for those whose misfortunes are heightened through their incapacity to relieve themselves. Thank God, this is not Ferdinand's case, who assures me, that ever since the failure of his uncle's remittances, on which he entirely depended, he has supported himself by his own industry and talents.

All. There's for you, there's for you; how do you like that, Mrs. overstrained virtue?

Ed. You recollect, Sir, how much he used to delight us with his song and performance on the harpsichord; but it is chiefly on the Spanish guitar he excels, and intends making a profession of it while he stays amongst us, provided he should meet with sufficient encouragement.

Eliza.

Eliza. O papa, shan't I learn to play? almost all the ladies of my acquaintance understand music, but I.

All. Well, my dear, if your brother can prevail upon his friend to give you some instruction, I shall be happy in this opportunity to commence the exercise of your mamma's overstrained virtues, and of rewarding a worthy gentleman for his more moderate ones.

Eliza. Thank you, dear papa, thank you; O Eddy, do you think he'll come in the morning? I shall soon learn of him, I dare say.

Ed. I think it very likely you may indeed (*sarcastically*)—but, Eliza, I hardly know how to ask him—Ferdinand was born to happier prospects—to be sure there is nothing in such employment unbecoming a gentleman, that I can conceive, or which might be incompatible with his notions of that character; but adversity, which reduces a grovelling spirit to the lowest ebb of meanness, is apt to raise a proud one to an insupportable height.

Eliza. Why, laud, brother, do you think he'd refuse to teach me?

Ed. No, my dear sister, I am persuaded he would not, and that's one reason why I feel greater reluctance to ask him; but we'll talk about this another time—Ferdinand will expect me—(*looking at his watch.*)

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. ———Col. Hartly.

Eliza. Plague on him (*aside.*)

Mrs. All. The Colonel? bid him walk up—Why in the name of wonder does he always observe such ceremony? But he's so circumspect in every thing.

[*As*

[*As Capt. Allworthy goes out, his father calls after him, "Give my best regards to him, Eddy."*]

Ed. With pleasure, Sir.

Eliza. And mine too——O!—no—no—I didn't mean that——O! papa, I dare say I shall soon learn to play (*hiding her confusion.*)

Enter Colonel HARTLY.

Mrs. All. Colonel, your most obedient.

Col. Hart. Your's, most devotedly, ladies.—Pray how do you find yourselves after the fatigues of that stupid stuff we yawned over last evening, and that still more wretched after-piece?

Mrs. All. The writer of them would, in my opinion, have made an excellent Ass in the Entertainment.*

Eliza. (*looking in the Colonel's face.*) He was not the only one in the house fit for that character.

Col. The spectators, too, I thought were uncommonly dull.

Eliza. Some of them at least (*sarcastically.*)

Col. What say you, ladies, to an airing for an hour or two—My chariot is at the door—It may be of service to us, and the day is delightful.

Mrs. All. With all my heart, Colonel. Mr. Allworthy, won't you accompany us?

All. Thank you kindly—I purpose to visit my neighbor Mittimus this morning—Excuse me—A pleasant ride to you. [*Exit Allworthy.*]

Mrs. All. Come, Eliza, get yourself ready.

Eliza. O mamma, you must excuse me; I have some little matters to do at home this morning,
c and

* The author wonders what the devil pieces Mrs. Allworthy alludes to. He means to inquire, for she must be a person of some taste, he thinks.

and expect Miss Mittimus here presently ; besides, I have no inclination to go abroad, were I not engaged at home.

Mrs. All. Well, well, child, please yourself.—Come, Colonel, I'm not afraid of being seen alone with you ; your name is the very antidote of defamation. *(Col. bows.)*

Col. I hope, Miss Eliza, you will find as much pleasure in the company of your female friend, as I had expected from your's.

Eliza. I think it very likely I shall.

Col. Madam, your most obedient *(leading out Mrs. Allworthy.)*

Eliza. Sir, your very humble servant *(sarcastically.)* Conceited fop ! I wonder how my mamma can expect me to esteem a man, the chief business of whose life seems to me to be, to excite adulation from the gaping multitude, and whose greatest felicity is, the admiration of himself. But he's a rigid moralist, forsooth, and immensely rich. *(Rings the bell.)* I'm sure I don't know what he's good for, except in wearing a part of his income in the embroidery of his waistcoats, he affords some provision to the industrious poor, which might otherwise be squandered away at the gaming table.

Enter FLORA.

O Flora, I'm going to learn music.

Flora. Indeed ! of whom ?

Eliza. Why of my brother's very intimate friend, Mr. Temple, who has just arrived, and intends to stay, I don't know how long, here ; and my brother says he is one of the best performers he ever heard, and——

Flora. —Intends you for his pupil, does he ? But take

take care, ma'am, of the overtures he may teach you. If I recollect rightly, he is the very same young gentleman who entered college with your brother, and who spent the last vacation with him.

Eliza. I remember it, and tho' it is now five years since, I recollect his person and accomplishments well. I was then, Flora, but twelve years old, yet I was not, even at that early period of my life, insensible to those advantages with which, by nature, he seemed so eminently gifted.

Flora. O! oh! is it so? At this rate I make no doubt but you will be a very teachable pupil.

Eliza. You mean then, that I love him, I suppose.

Flora. O no, no, not for the world—O! love, that's out of the question—I only mean, that you can recollect his manners and accomplishments well, and the sensations which these advantages, even at that early period of your life, had inspired.—Love!—O! No—And yet methinks the Colonel will gain but little by the recollection.

Eliza. For heaven's sake, Flora, do not mention his odious name to me.

Flora. Why your mamma has given it out, that you are actually engaged to him.

Eliza. My mamma, I believe, wishes it; but that I'm engaged to him by my own consent, is untrue; on the contrary, the very idea of such an union sickens me to loathing.

Flora. Pray, ma'am, do you know whether Mr. Temple has brought his sister with him?

Eliza. I never knew he had a sister.

Flora. O yes, he has, and I make no doubt but that your brother could be as eloquent in the praise of her beauty and accomplishments, as other people were in——

Eliza.

Eliza. Nonsense, nonsense—Tell me, Flora, how came my brother acquainted with her?

Flora. Don't you remember their taking horses once, and staying from home several days, under pretence of visiting some college acquaintance?

Eliza. No.

Flora. No matter—The college acquaintance was no other, I assure you, than Sophia Temple, who was placed about that time at some boarding-school, I don't know where, and if I mistake not, your brother has made frequent visits to this college acquaintance very lately.

Eliza. You surprize me.

Flora. Have you never noticed the locket he wears, and the letters upon it?

Eliza. Yes, and now I remember the letters are an *S.* and *T.* I declare—Good Heavens! I have seen my brother in raptures press that bauble to his bosom, and vow eternal faithfulness to her for whose sake he wears it. But where is she now, Flora?

Flora. I can't tell, but I fear all is not as it should be.

Eliza. (*pausing.*) My brother has of late been much from home, and whenever he has returned from these excursions, has worn an aspect of disquietude and pain; and oft, when I would fain have beguiled him of the melancholy grasp, has so knit his brow, that I feared to question him farther—Time, however, may unfold the mystery.

I expect Miss Mittimus presently, and must go to my dressing room—You'll follow me, Flora.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

A Parlor at SPIGGET'S. FERDINAND walking.

Fer. Something surely must have happened that prevents his coming.

Enter THOMAS.

—Captain Allworthy, Sir.

Fer. Shew him in, Thomas, shew him in.

Enter Capt. ALLWORTHY.

(They run to, and embrace, each other.)

Fer. My good, my invaluable friend.

Ed. Well, Ferdinand, I hope I find you in possession of health and happiness.

Fer. I am in good health, my friend, and cannot be otherwise than happy while in possession of the choicest gift which Heaven can bestow on man—Let me but enjoy your friendship, and this dreary inhospitable world will no longer seem to wear the gloomy aspect of a wilderness.

Ed. You have my best wishes without alloy—But a truce to these unnecessary professions: I am impatient to know every thing which concerns you. You inform me that you mean to instruct all the pretty ladies of our city to play on the harpsichord, provided the style of your performance should attract the notice, and gain the patronage, of our gentry here.

Fer. Such, my friend, is my intention, tho', from the experience I have had since I commenced teacher,

teacher, success depends as much upon fortune and caprice, as either the taste of the public, or the ability of the professor.

Ed. I wish with all my heart you may succeed, and that your most sanguine wishes may be realized; but I almost fear to hope.

Fer. I have brought several concertos of my own composing, and——

Ed. Hâdst thou brought half the quantity of bandanoes, as a pedlar, thou wouldst have been certain of some consideration; but if your merits and talents are the only goods you have brought on which to support yourself, I would advise thee to learn immediately the art of feeding upon hope, and growing rich upon promises—— But, come, come, I think, notwithstanding all I have said to check the ardor of your expectations, it is more than probable you will find some encouragement here, and whilst I have a guinea in my pocket, thou shalt never be in want of ten and six-pence.

Fer. Were I not well acquainted with the noble generosity of your disposition, I could in the present instance excuse a sentiment, which, while it magnifies your own worthiness, makes my necessities but too apparent.

Ed. No more of your condition, I pray you— You havn't half the philosophy of Jack Oakum, who, under every calamity, could find abundance of reason to be thankful that it was not so bad as it might have been, and, when one of his legs was shot off, rejoiced that it was not both. Homer, the greatest poet that ever lived, was once a wretched blind beggar, and sang his ballads about the streets; and, if there be any truth in history, his mouth was oftener filled with verse than venison.

Fer.

Fer. I have not known such want yet—have I long been wretched.

Ed. Do not, I beseech thee, repine unnecessarily. In this fantastic theatre of vice and folly, the best and wisest of us all are compelled to take a part, and he who has least cause to be satisfied with the play, has the greatest reason to expect better fare in the farce. Cheer up, man, cheer up, and be as merry as you were wont to be—My father, who has one of the best hearts in the world, longs to see you at our house—We are to have a party in a few days, when I purpose to introduce you to some of our acquaintance of fashion and fortune: it may be a mean of facilitating your plans amongst us.

Fer. My dispirited heart will, I fear, be no great acquisition to the party.

Ed. Never mind, never mind, so the party may be some to you. Col. Hartly is to be with us—a conceited, moralising, purse-proud admirer of my sister, who hates him from her soul. Sam Frothy, too, a loquacious coxcomb—talks decently on most subjects, with very little knowledge of any—cracks his jokes, makes puns, creates much laughter, and is, in short, the very life and soul of the company; tho', when he's gone, it is difficult to recollect one decent thing he has said the whole time. There will also be an elderly gentleman, of the name of Western, of whom my father is excessively fond. He is poor, sensible, and pious, rather sarcastic at times, and seems more out of humor than well pleased with the world. I love to hear the good old man talk, for all his observations are pertinent, and his conversation eloquent and improving; yet Sam Frothy has always twice the attention paid to his manufactured wit, whenever they chance to meet in company.

Fer.

Fer. No wonder. In the fashionable circles of stupidity, the folly and buffoonery of the rich is esteemed, but the wit and eloquence of a poor man excite contempt.

Ed. These gloomy reflections, Ferdinand, almost tempt me to question the identity of your person—For heaven's sake, and for my sake too, be, or at least affect to be, more cheerful. Adieu for the present; mind that you return me this visit soon; we shall always be happy to see you as one of the family. [*Exit.*

Fer. (*pausing.*) Friendship, thou inestimable cordial of human life! Source of the most grateful satisfaction that bounteous Heaven has conferred on man! without thee, the goodliest prosperity is but the vision of a night, and all the vivid charms of life a dream. [*Exit Fer.*

SCENE opens to another Apartment in SPIGGET'S House.

JOEY and FRIBBLE drinking.

Joey. —Come to know it? (*here's to you*)—I'll tell thee—Why, I lately took a walk about ten miles from town, to have a little flirtation, do you see, with an old sweetheart of mine, that lives with the lady that keeps a boarding-school there—So I was axing Lydia after Sophia, whereupon Lydia shook her head, and—(*come, my service to you*)—and told me, that a week or two before they miss'd her, a great gentleman had visited her frequently, under pretence of something or other, I don't know what, about her uncle, and—

Frib. Umph! I suppose then, the damsel had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the beautiful, and felt an inclination for a finish in the sublime—Wasn't it so?

Joey.

Joey. No, no, no such thing ; Miss Sophy, God love her heart, was as innocent and as artless as a nun, and never encouraged Col. Hartly's visits.

Frib. Col. Hartly ? (*surprised.*)

Joey. Yes, Col. Hartly, what of that ?

Frib. Is it possible that you can be ignorant that Col. Hartly is my master, and that I'm his gentleman ?

Joey. Very possible—I always took you for a gentleman ; but what gentleman's gentleman, I never thought of axing ; besides, we havn't been long acquainted, you know—(*Come, here's to you.*)

Frib. Well, go on with your story.

Joey. So, as soon as I got home, I met with an old friend of mine ; so we agreed to take a glass together at Mother Davis's ; and who do you think I should find there ? guess.

Frib. Not Sophia, I hope.

Joey. Why—No—I can't say identically Sophia, but Nancy there, told me that Col. Hartly had lately brought a little girl there, of the name of Juliet, who says her name is Sophia something, I forget what—But this, by the bye, was told me in confidence—You take me—

Frib. Sublime enough, truly. Well, but is she yet at Mother Davis's ?

Joey. Why yes, if the old tygress has'nt turned her out-of-doors, which she frequently threatened to do, for the poor girl has, ever since she has been there, refused to see the Colonel, or any body else ; and this has made the old bell dame somewhat dissatisfied with her guest, and once threatened to send the poor soul to prison for her board and lodging, unless she consented to receive the Colonel's visits.

Frib. This certainly cannot be Colonel Hartly; a man perpetually declaiming against perfidy and libertinism, would surely be the last man on earth to give so wicked an example of both.

Joey. Ah, Master Frib. Master Frib. you are up to but very few things, if you take a man to be always what he seems to be. (*Bell rings.*) Coming presently.

Frib. You are much mistaken in me, Joey, I have seen a great deal of the world, and know mankind too well to be imposed upon by any appearances whatever; but I confess the Colonel has been too deep for me here—I don't much like this affair—I never thought there was much harm in a little innocent wenching; but I think there is a great deal in robbing a friendless and unsuspecting girl of the only treasure on earth she can boast of, and afterwards devote her to infamy and destruction.

Joey. True, Sir, true (*hiccup*)—Poor and content—(*Bell rings*)—Egad, I must go now, my (*hiccup*) my father—when shall I see you?

Frib. To-morrow sometime. But don't you know the hour? It's past eleven; you mustn't go to the club to-night, it's too late—so away to your goddess.

[*Exit Frib.*

Joey. Flora! Aye, aye—I take you, the garden (*hiccup*) gate—Say, dearest Flora, can a swain

Enter SPIGGET.

of Joey's—Fether, gi's thy hand (*hiccup*) gi's thy hand, old boy.

Spig. A halter rather, unobedient scoundrel.

Joey. End all his (*hiccup*) griefs and (*staggering about the stage*)—That's for you, old boy (*snap-ping his fingers*) that's for you, old cock.

Spig.

Spig. What have you been at, eh, sirrah?—
Speak.

Joey. Why, laud, fether—

Spig. What, dare you answer me? dare you open your lips to me, you drunken brat? why didn't you attend when the bell rung?

(Walks about the room in a great passion.)

Joey. Can't a body take a drop *(hiccup)* or so with a friend, but they must be scolded at eternally? I'm sure I never scolds fether—

Spig. Silence, impertinent jackanapes, your head is so fermented with liquor, that you don't apprehend your duty to your reverential parent, whose greatest misfortune is, to be the father of such a son of a b—h.

Joey. Thank you kindly, Sir, and *(hiccup)* thank you on my mamma's account.

Spig. Leave my presence, you cub you—*(Spig- get turns him out.)*

Joey. Well done, old cock. *[Exit.]*

SCENE changes to a garden wall and gate.

Enter two WATCHMEN.

1st Watch. Past twelve o'clock—all's well.

2d Watch. All's well that ends well.

1st. Then all's well thus far, for the night has just ended.

2d. But our labors have not ended for the night, and it's devilish cold.

1st. But we labor for the public good.

2d. True, but not for the good public.

1st. Thou speakest treason.

2d. I speak what I think.

1st. Thinkest thou so ill of the public?

2d. If the public were good, wherefore, I pray thee, our office?

1st.

1st. Why, to prevent its becoming bad.

2d. Aye, now, that applies to its bad propensities.

1st. And to the good ones, too, of those who oppose them. Come hither, Master Clubstaff, come hither, and I'll instruct thee. Thou hast heard, I suppose, that the world is better than four thousand years old.

2d. Nay, how can that be, when this is only the beginning of the eighteenth century?

1st. Thou art a fool. I tell thee that the world is four thousand years old, thou long ear'd cub thou.

2d. More's the pity then.

1st. And why a pity, prithee?

2d. Because its evils must have taken deep root, if that be th' age on't.

1st. That might have been the case, had the world ever been without watchmen. But as watchmen and magistrates have ever been the surest defence to the good against the bad propensities of the wicked, this enlightened age, with all its new fangled doctrines and mighty discoveries, will, I fear, be unable to govern mankind in any other way—What, I suppose thou art one of the new lights, Master Clubstaff. Prithee, prithee, call the hour, and leave the government to better hands than thine. Who comes here?—let's step aside.

2d. Some of the good public, I suppose, from the noise they make.

Enter JOEY, singing, and drunk.

Joey. To be, or (*hiccup*) not to be, that's the question; whether 'tis nobler in the (*hiccup*) arms to take up a sea of troubles, or (*hiccup*) or bod-kin—

kin—bod—damme, I forgot all about it—O! here's my (*hiccup*) garden gate, and my ducky's window—Egad, I should like to sing a bit at the other side of the window, for it's devilish cold at this—Hem—hem.

Say, dearest Flora, shall a (*hiccup*)

Of Joey's worth and spirit,

End all his (*hiccup*)—Halloo, Flora, I say, Flora—damme, if she don't come to the window, I'll send a stone at her.

[*As he goes to look for a stone, he stumbles against Col. Hartly, returning home from his party, and drunk. Joey seizes him.*]

Thieves! murder! villains! thieves!

Col. Miscreant, do you (*hiccup*) mean to rob me?

Joey. (*holding him by the collar.*) Here, watch! I say watch! watch! watch! here!

Enter WATCHMEN.

Gentlemen magistrates of the night, here's a sheep-stealer in disguise, who has assassinated me in salt and batter; take him (*hiccup*) away, gentlemen, I'll enter a mandamus against him in the morning, and swear the peace against Justice Mittimus; take him away, he's a highwayman; take him away.

Col. I'm no highwayman, you villain; I'm (*hiccup*) Col. Hartly.

Joey. There, gentlemen, that there now proves him to be a mad man, and, therefore, a dangerous person to go at large. Take him away to prison.

Watch. Your honor will have the pleasure to keep him company too.

Joey. O dear! O dear! I'm Joey, indeed I am, gentlemen! I'm Joey Spigget, indeed I am!

Watch.

Watch. Come along, you rascal, come along.

[*They force them both away, and one of the watchmen takes up a letter that has fallen from the pocket of Colonel Hartly in the scuffle.*]

SCENE—*A Watch-House.*

Enter Watchmen with the Prisoners.

[*The Captain of the Watch sitting in form.*]

Capt. Who have you got here?

Watch. Pick-pockets and sheep-stealers.

Capt. Bring 'em in for examination.

Watchman to Joey—Here, you varlet you, stand upon this stool, and give an account of yourself to his honor the captain general of the peace for the night.

Joey. O dear! O dear!

Capt. What's your name, you villain?

Joey. Joey, an't please your worship's honor.

Capt. What business do you follow?

Joey. None, your honor. I'm a very innocent kind of a civil gentleman, that was going (*hiccup*) home as quiet as a lamb, when I was all at once knocked on the head by that there sheep-stealer (*pointing to the Colonel.*)

Watch. Can you find bail?

Joey. O yes, your worship. I'll step a home a bit to my daddy's—I'll be back in five minutes.

[*As he attempts to run off, they seize him, and bring him back.*]

Capt. Take him to the dungeon, No. 7.

Joey. O dear! O dear! I'm Joey, indeed I am!

Capt. And what's your name? (*to Col. Hartly.*)

Col. Name! name! I forget (*hiccup*) my name.

Capt. You are accused of sheep-stealing.

Col.

Col. Curse on your damn'd (*hiccup*) impertinence and your——

Capt. Silence! you drunken vagrant, silence! or I'll load you instantly with irons—Your appearance is against you, sirrah—No honest man goes prowling about the street at dead of night in such finery as that (*pointing to his dress*) and the dress of a gentleman was put on to disguise your evil intentions, I suppose. I fine you twenty shillings for a contempt of the court, sirrah. Search him, if he won't pay willingly. (*They search him.*)

Watch. We find no money upon him, but here's his watch, of some value I suppose.

Capt. Bring it here, and take the prisoner to the cell No. 6.

[*Exit a Watchman and the Colonel.*]

Capt. of the Watch to the rest. Well, my lads, you now deserve well of your Country and your Captain. I smok'd the Colonel as soon as I clapt my eyes upon him.

Watch. Here's a letter we found, that had fallen from his pocket.

Capt. Give us! Give us!—Now if he should get sober in the morning, and accuse us of taking his watch, you must all bear witness, that you found him dead drunk, and asleep, in the street, and that some street prowler must have rifled his pockets in that helpless situation, and thrown away the letter which you found—I'll give the justice the letter; it will look like honesty—you take me—

All—Aye, aye.

Come then, let's go and take a wet upon strength on't.

[*Exit all.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE—*A Street. Alderman MITTIMUS's House.*

Enter Watchmen with the Prisoners.

[*The Captain of the Watch enters the door of the Alderman.*]

Col. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, don't expose me—(*takes one of them apart*)—My friend, I'm a gentleman well known to Justice Mittimus, and would not for the world he should find me in this situation—I have no money about me at present, but if you'll step home with me, I'll give you a couple of guineas for sparing me this interview with the alderman.

Watch. Why, as to that, Sir, when a gentleman is a gentleman, I don't care to see him without a friend upon such an occasion; and to save a worthy gentleman's reputation, why I would do, perhaps, as much as another; but as our Captain has made his report to the Alderman, I should lose my place, if I let you off now.

Col. Well then, I promise you a guinea if you will only lend me your hat and great coat; they will disguise me sufficiently, and by these means I may save my reputation.

Watch. Why, as to the matter of that, I'm but a poor man, your honor, and as to the promise of a guinea, why to be sure, one don't like to doubt the word of a real gentleman; but a bird in the hand, your honor, as the saying is——

Col.

Col. Heavens! how unfortunate—Here then, take this ring (*putting it in his hand.*)

Watch. Why, to oblige a gentleman (*pulling off his hat and cloak*) I always thought was a duty, and I never refuse to do a kindness to a gentleman in distress.

[*Col. Hartly puts on the cloak, and ties the hat under his chin with a handkerchief. The Captain returns to the door, and calls them all in.*]

SCENE shifts to a Parlor in the Justice's House.

[*Justice and his Clerk sitting in form.*]

Enter WATCHMEN with the two PRISONERS.

Capt. of the Watch presenting Joey—Here, your worship, is a vagrant we found dead drunk in the street, and in the very act of picking the pocket of a sheep-stealer, I believe—Answer to his honor, you knave.

Justice. Who are you, scoundrel?

Joey. An innocent sort of a young gentleman, of honest parentage and education, your worship's excellency.

Justice. What is your name, sirrah?

Joey. Havn't much of a name yet, your honor, having no great ambition that way—I'm call'd Joey, your worship.

Justice. What are your means?

Joey. I mean to go home, if your worship pleases.

Justice. Sirrah! answer me to the purpose—What is your business, trade or occupation, and where do you live or reside?

Joey. We keep the sign of the Blue Bell, your honor; sells all kinds of ale, your worship, and other spiritual commodities, such as bed, board, and horse hire.

Justice. Silence!—You are charged with having picked pockets on the public highway—of being found dead drunk, and making a disturbance in the neighborhood—invading the tranquillity of the commonwealth, and other illegitimate mal-practices. Answer to it.

Enter Miss MITTIMUS.

Joey. Why, laud bless your honor's worship, don't you know Joey Spigget at the Blue Bell?

Miss Mitt. Why, papa, it is Joey sure enough.

Justice. No matter, I must do my duty—nevertheless—notwithstanding—

Joey. O dear! O dear!

Justice. Are you guilty, or not guilty? speak.

Joey. No, your honor, no indeed, your worship, no more guilty than yourself. I was, to be sure, a little in-for't last night, and as I was a-going home very quietly past Squire Allworthy's garden gate, was a-going to serenade a bit, as they call it, under Miss Flora's window there, having a kind of a sneaking regard for her, your honor, when a great mutton-fisted, disorderly highway-looking raggamuffin came up to me, and, without saying how do you do, gave me a punch in the guts with the butt end of a blunderbuss as thick as your worship's head, and brought me down, whereupon I stood my ground, and, seizing the villain, found him to be a sheep-stealer.

Justice. Did you find a sheep upon him?

Joey. N—o, not exactly a sheep.

Justice. How do you know he's a sheep-stealer?

Joey. Why, I brought the villain to a lamp, and had a full view of his rascally face, and would swear he's a sheep-stealer, your worship.

Justice. Did you find a blunderbuss upon him?

Joey.

Joey. N—o, not exactly a blunderbuss ; but I know he must have had fire-arms about him, and——

Justice. Silence ! Unless you can find bail in the sum of twenty pounds, you must remain a prisoner until the next term, when you will either be acquitted or condemned, according to the laws of your country——Take him away.

Joey. O dear ! I'm Joey, your worship, indeed !

(A Watchman takes him away.)

Justice to the Col. And who are you, pray ?

Col. An obscure and innocent man.

Justice. Your obscurity is, I think, in a fair way of perishing on the pillory ; and as for your innocence, you may reserve that, if you please, for your last dying speech and confession. What's your name ?

Col. Thomas Welt *(somewhat confused.)*

Justice. Put down Thomas Welt *(to his Clerk.)*
And pray, what business do you follow ?

Col. I'm in no business at present—I was once by trade a shoe-maker.

Justice. Where do you live, reside, or dwell, at present ?

Col. I live—I live—Sir, a little way out of town.

Justice. A pretty story indeed. Give me that letter there *(to his Clerk)*—Do you know any thing of that letter, sirrah ? It is addressed to Col. Hartly. How came you by it ? It fell from your pocket—Speak !

Col. I—I—upon my soul, I know nothing about it.

Justice. Read its contents *(to his Clerk.)*

(Clerk reads.)

DEAR COLONEL,
Your letter arrived so late last evening, that it
was

was not in my power to return an answer to it then. I have repeatedly called at Mother Davis's, to endeavor to get a sight of your little rose-bud there, but without success, for she persists in refusing to see every body but Nancy, who informs me, that Juliet (for so Nancy calls her) has learned somehow or other, that you are engaged to be married to Miss Allworthy, and she has endeavored, by great promises, to induce this girl to carry a letter to Eliza's father, but Nancy, true to her trust, finds in your purse too good an argument to relinquish a certainty for the silly promises of a foolish girl who has not a six-pence to save her soul, and——

Col. No more, Sir. That letter is, I find, of a private nature, and, whether a real or a forged one, has no relation to the circumstances which have brought me hither.

Justice. (*eying him attentively*) Sheep-stealer! some sharper, I believe, eh! What, what sort of a dress is here? Silk stockings and silver buckles, and under a nasty cloak too, that one of our watchmen would be ashamed to own—Strip the curr instantly, and let's look at the inside of the puppy!

(*Here Col. Hartly throws off his hat and cloak.*)

Col. There, Sir! are you now satisfied?

(*The Justice, his Daughter, and Clerk, are thrown into consternation.*)

Col. Justice Mittimus! since an unfortunate frolic has betrayed me into a situation so embarrassing, and has exposed me to the rapacity of a set of unprincipled scoundrels, whose custom, instead of keeping the peace, is not only to be the first to violate it, but also to commit the shamefullest exactions on all, especially on such as have the misfortune to appear like gentlemen, by taking
undue

undue advantage of their situation, to extort money, or compel them to acts of violence and outrage, for the villainous pretence to justify commitment—And as you must be very sensible, that no misdemeanor on my part could have provoked such infamous conduct towards me, I hope you will have generosity enough to keep this affair from the world, and justice enough to impute this instance of apparent impropriety in my conduct to the effects of an indiscretion of which I am already made so painfully sensible; and on which account I promise you to make all the reparation in my power, and to your entire satisfaction.

Justice. Why, Mr. Welt—Col. Hartly (I beg your pardon)—I confess I am not a little surprised to see a gentleman of your excessive rectitude of life and rigid morality, brought into a situation in which there is so little appearance of either; but since it has been the effects merely of inebriation and frolic, I see no great harm in it; but the letter, Col. Hartly, the letter——

Col. I pledge my honor, Sir.

Miss Mitt. Your word, you ought to say—Sophia's wrongs speak loudly against your honor.

Col. Miss Mitimus, let me entreat you to suspend your conjectures on this affair—I—I—the letter is no proof—

Miss Mitt. —Of a very honorable conduct, I fear, Col.

Justice. Well, well, we will suspend our conjectures for the present; but remember, that a full and satisfactory defence of your conduct in this particular, is the only condition on which I can ever think of keeping it a secret from Squire Allworthy. My sense of justice (duty and respect out of the question) forbids—

(The

(*The Col. here takes him by the hand, and whispers to him.*)

Justice. Leave the room (*to his Daughter, Clerk, and Watchmen*)—True, Sir, true—I—I—very true indeed, Sir. Well, Sir, you need not give yourself the trouble to bring it—I'm just going to call at the Blue Bell, to engage a person there to come to my house to teach my daughter to play on the harpsichord; after which I'll call at your house; for I've a little matter to make up to-day, and it will be a very seasonable relief, I assure you.

Col. I'll have the money ready for you, Sir—twenty dollars.

Mitt. Exactly, Sir, twenty dollars.

Col. Sir, your most obedient. [*Exit Col.*]

Justice. No bad morning's work—Egad, as I live, he's forgot the letter (*taking it up from the table*)—Now I'll secure the good opinion of Squire Allworthy, by sending him this letter immediately. Thus I shall preserve the character of an upright and impartial judge, and satisfy at once both pocket and conscience—(*As he goes off*)—The testimony of a good conscience is worth all the treasures of the world. [*Exit Mitt.*]

SCENE shifts to an Apartment in SPIGGET'S House.

Enter FERDINAND and Capt. ALLWORTHY.

Ed. I was going to bring Col. Hartly with me, but before you meet, I intend to tell him (for I like to behold the inconsistency of hypocrisy, and to detect it—and, by the way, I have no very high opinion of the Colonel's sanctity, notwithstanding all my mother says about it)—I intend to represent you as a person of great wealth and family connections,

connections, that I may mark the incongruity of his countenance and speech, when, instead of a person of rank and fortune, he finds thee out to be a needy disciple of Apollo—Egad, I should not be surprised, were his absurd notions of respectability to lead him to question even thy honor and honesty ; for a man of Col. Hartly's notions of honor, differs very widely from what you and I think of that matter.

Fer. I suppose so. The trite and fashionable opinion of the term implies by no means that quality which differs nothing from honesty, except in its being displayed in a genteeler style, but that modern conceit, which generally supplies the want of it.

Enter a SERVANT.

——Justice Mittimus, Sir.

Ed. Mittimus ? Detain him a few moments.—

[Exit Servant.]

What the devil can have brought him here, I wonder ? This fellow was once literally a pedlar : he is now upwards of sixty, and is very wealthy, for he has been starving himself all his life time, to acquire a sufficiency to live upon when he sets about dying.

Enter MITTIMUS.

Mitt. Servant, Sir, how do you do, Captain ?

Capt. Most obedient, Justice Mittimus.

Mitt. (to Fer.) You are the person, I presume, Sir, who intends teaching the Piano Forte (as they call it.) My daughters have been teasing me ever since they heard of your arrival, to get them taught. If your terms are moderate, I should have no objection to engage with you, for I don't mind a few dollars,

dollars, by way of encouraging the arts among us. Suppose you take a dish of tea at our house this afternoon, and who knows but we may strike upon a bargain?

Fer. (bowing.) I'm engag'd this evening, but some other time I may do myself the honor to wait upon you, Sir.

Mitt. Well, well, then the next day. Here, Sir, is my card—We shall be glad to see you—and I dare say shan't boggle at a trifle. Good morning to you, gentlemen. [*Exit Mitt.*]

(*Captain and Ferdinand both laugh.*)

Capt. Here is a glorious specimen of one of our apes of quality, who would fain pass for a man of taste, and a promoter of the sciences, with as little judgment as his cook maid, and less learning than Artley's pig.

Fer. If such are the only patronisers of the arts and sciences among you, in vain will genius, assisted by fortitude and patience, strive to raise a monument to fame, where the only material necessary for such an edifice, is within the grasp of every dirty pedlar; and where the chief criterion of merit, talents, and understanding, is marked upon the scale of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Enter THOMAS with a letter.

(*Ferdinand reads it with great attention.*)

Capt. (observing him—looks at his watch) I have staid with you beyond my time—I shall call again in the course of the day; at present I must take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Fer. (pausing.) Was ever being so cursedly perplexed? Such importunities, and the illiberal manner with which it is tendered, will, I fear, drive me to the lamentable alternative of applying
to

to my friend for assistance, by which I may not only meet with a repulse, but be in danger of losing the only good I have left to pride myself upon—the consolation of a friend—*(pauses)*—*(reads)*—Unless, therefore, you can raise this sum by ten in the morning, an immediate prosecution will be the consequence—*(Rings the bell.)*

Enter THOMAS.

Thomas, desire Mr. Spigget to step in.

[Exit Thomas.]

Enter Mr. SPIGGET.

What may you please to want, Sir?

Fer. I have a little business to transact this morning in the money way, Mr. Spigget—Can you inform me of any person whose profession it is to do this kind of business?

Spig. Anan!

Fer. Do you know of any person whose business it is to buy and sell stock, public securities—or—or—Do you know of any money-broker?

Spig. Aye, aye, I take you now. Yes, I do know of a very mighty kind of a civil gentleman in that way; his name is Fungus, Sir; but he's spongy—you take me.

Fer. Spongy—spongy—Do you mean that he is porous—light—or——

Spig. No, no, you en't up to it. I mean that he's leechy, devilish leechy, Sir.

Fer. O yes, I comprehend you now. You mean that he is a blood-sucker, I suppose; but it's of little consequence to me should he be a cannibal, so I can get my business done by him as well as by another; they are all alike, I believe, Mr. Spigget. Shew me a money-broker who is not leechy, and

I'll shew you a leech that can't suck blood ; but pray, where does this blood-hound reside?

Spig. Not twenty paces from my door, Sir.

Fer. Shew me the way, and I'll go to him instantly. [*Exit both.*]

SCENE *changes to a Broker's Office.*

[*FUNGUS at his Desk.*]

Enter FERDINAND TEMPLE.

Fer. Your name is Fungus, I presume.

Fun. The same, Sir, very much at your service. Won't you be seated, Sir? What may your business be?

Fer. My business, Sir, is that which a modest man would wish to conceal ; a prudent man seldom engages in ; and which avarice and knavery encourages to grow fat upon.

Fun. Sir—(*staring*)—

Fer. It is a painful disorder, generally contracted by the imprudences of youth ; and the only medicine on earth, from which a temporary cure may be derived, but lulls for a moment the acuteness of the pain, and leaves the constitution wretched as before.

Fun. Ha—ha—ha—why, why—ha—ha—ha—he takes me for a surgeon. Sir, you're under a mistake ; I'm no surgeon—ha ! ha ! ha !

Fer. I came not hither on my own account ; I was driven by the implacable fury of a merciless dame, who, because I slighted her beauty, and paid courtly dalliance to another, has, in a fit of jealousy, discarded me forever.

Fun. Why the devil didn't she send you to Doctor Church, then?

Fer. I am come, therefore, for consolation, like,
the

the debauchee who applies again to that bowl the day after the preceding one in which he lost his senses.

Fun. Faith, I believe you have, indeed, lost your wits.

Fer. No, Sir, I have only lost my money.

Fun. Humph—I—I take you now—Why, that's worse still.

Fer. By no means, for every fool can make money, but wit is the gift of Heaven.

Fun. Heaven help you then, good Sir.

Fer. I stand more in need of fools' help.

Fun. Then you may help yourself, perhaps.

Fer. Not without money.

Fun. Then the money will help you——

Fer. And I the money.

Fun. How so?

Fer. 'Tis with money as with charity; the benefaction feeds itself. Pray, Sir, do you not lend money?

Fun. Upon good security I sometimes do; but I don't think I could raise twenty pounds at present upon any terms, Sir.

Fer. I want five hundred pounds upon my own note, and I want it by to-morrow morning early. If you can advance me this sum at a moderate premium, I shall thank you.

Fun. I should be extremely happy to accommodate you, Sir; but money is at present so scarce, and all that I have got to lend out in this way, is already appropriated; and it is a rule with us, Sir, never to discount any note unless endorsed by some respectable inhabitant, whose circumstances are well known. Perhaps you have some friend who would endorse for you—I don't know but I might be able to procure this sum.

Fer.

Fer. Indeed, Sir, I don't know whether I have or not ; however, I'll try, and return to you again.

Fun. Will you please, Sir, to give me your name and address ? (*Ferdinand leaves his card.*)

[*Exit Fer.*

Fun. The greediest gudgeon this I ever found nibbling at my hook—I must away to the Colonel with this news—It will delight his soul.

[*Exit Fun.*

SCENE changes to a Parlor in Mr. Allworthy's House.

[*ELIZA at Work—Mr. ALLWORTHY, finishing a Letter.*]

All. You shall hear what I have written, Eliza. (*Reads.*)

SIR,

As you have not yet thought proper to call at my house since the discovery of those circumstances, so apparently injurious to your character, and as I cannot but feel myself insulted in your late attempts to impose on the credulity of my family ; and a just resentment at the still baser designs you had planned for the destruction of an innocent female, whose story I have yet but imperfectly learned, I must here call upon you for that defence which, to remove my suspicions, I have a right to expect, or your silence will be construed into an evidence of your guilt.

(*Here, John, take this letter immediately to*

Col. Hartly's.)

[*Exit John.*

You say your brother has not heard of this adventure yet ?

Eliza. No, papa, I believe not ; and I'm afraid to make him acquainted with the circumstances
with

with which I fear it is connected; for if the Sophia in question should prove to be the sister of Mr. Temple, I know of no violence which his resentment might not urge him to commit on the person of that accomplished villain, Hartly. I shall, therefore; keep him ignorant of every thing relative to it, until proof as strong as holy writ shall warrant the disclosure.

All. Is it not time that Eddy should be here with his friend?

Eliza. I wish they would come—I long to take my first lesson. I hope he'll be very patient with me, for he told me yesterday, that the Spanish guittar was very difficult to learn—O, here they come.

Enter FERDINAND and EDMUND.

All. Well, gentlemen, we were just expecting you. Eliza is impatient for her first lesson. If *(to Mr. Temple)* you were at leisure, Sir, I don't know a better opportunity for a beginning, as I am going to take my son out on a little business, and Mrs. Allworthy is otherwise engaged.

Fer. I am always at leisure for any employment in which Miss Allworthy may please to engage me.

[Exit Mr. All. & Son.]

Eliza. I wish your patience may equal your goodness and condescension, Sir, as I fear my want of genius may render the task of teaching somewhat painful to you.

Fer. That task can never be attended with pain, which has for its recompense the acknowledgments of those we most esteem.

Eliza. But your task will be rendered doubly hard, Sir; for, besides conferring the greatest obligation, I fear you will have to teach me how to estimate

estimate rightly!—(*Ferdinand bows.*)—I remember, Sir, how much I used to be delighted with your song, and performance on the harpsichord, but I think you say the Spanish guittar is still better adapted to the voice. Could I prevail on you, Sir, to favor me with an instance of its superiority; I should feel myself greatly indebted to your goodness.

(*Ferdinand bows, takes up the guittar, and sings.*)

To softest melody my song
I tun'd; and thus delighted
She pensive sat the whole day long,
And thus my heart was plighted.

More vivid than the enamell'd grove,
That hails the infant year,
I saw the crimson blush of love,
And drop the pearly tear.

The magic power that seiz'd my heart,
Gave language to my tongue,
And never shepherd did impart
More sympathetic song.

Blest with the hope, which heaven-born fate
To matchless love had giv'n,
My bosom glow'd with fervent heat—
To think on thee, was heav'n.

Eliza. Heigh ho!

Fer. I fear my song has tired your patience.

Eliza. No, indeed Sir; I could listen to it again a thousand times, and if you will be kind enough to put it down in writing, I will learn it all by heart; I will wear it in my bosom, and, when I feel myself dispirited, I'll read it o'er, and that will cure me (*hiding her confusion.*)

Fer. Good heavens! and would that beguile you of a moment's pain?

Eliza.

Eliza. Yes! were I certain that you sometimes thought of me.

Fer. Eliza, I am both poor and proud.
[Exit abruptly.]

(*Eliza, astonished at his departure, throws herself on a sofa.*)

Enter FLORA!

Flora. Did you ring, ma'am?

Eliza. No, not that I know of—Where is my brother?

Flora. He has but just left the house, and, from the manner in which his friend has followed him, I presume he has received a box on the ear for his instruction fee.

Eliza. Have you heard any thing more about the letter and Sophia?

Flora. Yes, ma'am, and more to Col. Hartly's disgrace than ever. Mr. Joey Spigget tells me, that the Sophia mentioned in that letter, is certainly Sophia Temple, and that the Col. has thrown her into the house of a very vile woman, for the worst of purposes.

Eliza. Perfidious wretch! Could neither compassion, humanity, nor the entreaties of suffering innocence, restrain thy base inordinate intent?—Does my brother know of it yet, Flora?

Flora. I believe not, ma'am.

Eliza. Nor Mr. Temple?

Flora. Not that I know of.

Eliza. I'm glad of it. 'Tis time enough to strip the hypocrite of his mask. There is no disgrace so piercing, as that which hurls the guilty from their fancied security. Detected knavery then confounds them most, because 'tis least expected. Lend me your arm, Flora. [Exit both.]

SCENE—

SCENE—*A Library.*

Col. Hartly (throwing down a letter.)

This damn'd adventure, will to light, I fear,
Bring all the circumstances of my guilt,
And thereby force against a tottering fame,
So lately rais'd by circumspective wiles,
Such formidable charge, that knavery,
With all its juggling art and cunning deep,
In vain must strive to save.

—————O guilt! foul guilt!
Cursed, cursed infatuation! which betrayed
My goaded heart to crimes against the voice
Of conscience, that unerring rule of life,
Whose admonitions are the laws of God.
Whence! whence these foul propensities in man?
We comprehend the evil and the good,
To which our nature's prone by reason's lamp,
And know we cannot lose the just reward
Of righteous deeds—yet spurn the good we know.
——Mere sophistry and phantom this,
That would persuade us to relinquish good
And rare enjoyment, under vague pretence
Of future happiness we know not of.
If such be that compunctive voice that lurks
About our intellectual sense, to rob,
To plunder us of all our better joys,
And with fell poison drench those streams of bliss,
In which our greatest pleasures flow! Avaunt,
Thou haggard monster of disordered thought,
Thou scourge of scorpions, that my soul would vex
With deep disquietude as black as hell,
And urge my senses to despair—Come then,
Hypocrisy, with all thy mystic art,
And teach me how suspicions glare to cheat;
Teach me how seeming candor, and the look
Of unsuspecting virtue, may deceive the world,
And hide my dark designs from man.

Enter

Enter a SERVANT.

—Capt. Allworthy and another gentleman, Sir.

Col. Shew them in. I suppose he has brought with him the stranger he promised to introduce to me. The Captain speaks of him in the highest terms. He has a great fortune too. I must endeavor to impress him with a favorable opinion of my virtues ; it may serve to lessen the Squire's suspicion of my integrity, for I presume the Captain will take a pleasure in making this worthy stranger intimate at his father's.

Enter Capt. ALLWORTHY & FERDINAND TEMPLE.

Capt. Col. Hartly, I have the honor to make you acquainted with my friend Mr. Temple.

(Col. Hartly startles at the name.)

Col. I consider every occasion which gives me an opportunity of cultivating an acquaintance with Capt. Allworthy, or any of his friends, an effectual way of promoting my own happiness. I hope, Mr. Temple, the reception you will meet with in our city, may induce you to think well of us.

Fer. From what I have already seen of it, and from the civilities of my new friends, I am persuaded that my residence here will be as pleasant as I trust it will be profitable, for——

Capt. All. (plucking Ferdinand by the coat) Mr. Temple, Sir, is a nice observer of men and manners, and hopes to add something to the knowledge he has already acquired of the world ; a knowledge so essential to all, but especially to such as hold any considerable rank in life ; and that the acquisition may be profitable.

Col. True, Sir, a knowledge of the world is certainly more necessary to people of rank and fortune,

tune, than it can be to those whose fortunes are generally made by them. The coin that is most current among mankind, is flattery; and the ears of the wealthy are those to which it is chiefly directed.

Fer. And through that medium to their purses, I think; for people seldom flatter without motive, and rarely bestow adulation where they do not expect to be paid for it.

Capt. True; and the only innocent flattery I know of, is that which our modern coxcombs are so prodigal of—they lavish it indiscriminately on either sex, with as little harm as meaning: but an artful flatterer, by a nice discrimination, and judicious management of it, never fails to make dupes of the men, and downright fools of the women.

Col. There is this advantage, however, to be derived from it, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be. But come, gentlemen, we shall be led by these reflections into a train of moralising at the expense of greater pleasure. It is a delightful day—Suppose we take a walk in the garden—I have been making some improvements there—I know of no recreation more delightful to a pure and contemplative mind, than a flower garden; it affords at once both instruction and amusement. [*Exit all.*]

Enter FRIBBLE.

This is about the hour the little French milliner was to come with the Colonel's ruffles—Egad, I wish the little gypsey would arrive while my master is plucking daisies in the flower garden—I think I should stand a good chance (*admiring himself*) to have a pluck at his rose-bud in the

the library——Egad, here she comes, I believe.

Enter MILLINER.

Mill. Servant, Sir.

Frib. Most obedient, pretty Miss.

Mill. Pray, Sar, is Monsieur de Colonel at home?

Frib. Yes, my little queen of love, but he's in the garden. O! propitious hour, which, while it engages him in the contemplation of the tawdry pink, brings to my arms the richest flower that ever shed its sweets.

Mill. Vere, Sar, vere is de flower?

Frib. I mean that lilly neck, that rosy lip, that bosom of delight!

Mill. O, Sar, you be very much de imitation of de Colonel your master.

Frib. I acknowledge no other servitude but that which the radiance of those eyes have imposed; to your superior charms I confess myself an humble slave (*putting his arm round her waist.*)

Mill. O, la, Sar, suppose de Colonel should come in, vat would he say?

Frib. Mistress of my soul! step in with me, then, to the next apartment; we shall there be secure from every eye. (*She struggles.*)

Frib. On my knees—

Re-enter Col. HARTLY.

(*Fribble, observing him, continues*)—On my knees, I implore you not to leave the house until my master returns—He'll be back again presently—I beseech you stay, he is one of the worthiest of men, and—O here he is. It was with difficulty, Sir, I could prevail on the lady to wait your return, and——

Col.

Col. Leave the room, sirrah. [*Exit Frib.*
Well, my dear, have you brought the ruffles, and
a heart as yielding as the ardor of my love is?

(*A rapping at the door.*)

Mill. O la, Sar, vat shall I do? I would not
be seen alone vid you for de vole world—I should
be de ruined.

Col. Confusion!! Step into this apartment for a
few moments (*locks her up.*)

Col. Come in.

Enter FUNGUS.

Mr. Fungus, what is your business, pray? for
I am much engaged at present, and cannot be de-
tained long.

Fun. There are some notes presented to me yes-
terday for discount—I think we may be able to
squeeze eight or ten per cent. a month out of some
of them.

Enter a SERVANT.

—Capt. Allworthy, Sir.

Col. Mr. Fungus, this is somewhat unexpect-
ed—I but this moment parted with Captain All-
worthy—Heavens! I would not have you seen
here for the world; it might create suspicion.

Fun. O Sir, make yourself easy, Colonel, make
yourself easy—I'll step into this apartment for a
few moments (*going to that in which the Milliner
is concealed.*)

Col. Stay, stay—I—I—damn it, the key of that
room is unfortunately lost—I am sorry to be com-
pelled to it, but would you have the goodness to
stand behind the chimney-board? (*taking the board
away from the fire-place*)—You shan't stay long,
I promise you—I'm very sorry—

Fun.

Fun. Any thing, any thing to oblige the Col.
(*Col. Hartly puts him behind it.*)

Enter Capt. ALLWORTHY.

Capt. All. I have made you this unexpected visit, Colonel, to propose to you to join in a little visit of ceremony to-morrow; but first tell me, what do you think of Mr. Temple? The study of physiognomy I conceive to be as necessary to a man of the world, as anatomy is to the surgeon—neither can operate safely without it.

Col. True; but the study of the former is the most certain of the two—The human countenance frequently exhibiting contradictions so strikingly opposite to the general rules by which this science is supported, that its disciples are often confounded by the paradox.

Capt. All. It is certainly a difficult thing to ascertain the moral qualities of the mind from the structure of the features; but I think it by no means difficult to discover whether a man has a just pretension to the rank and consideration of a gentleman, from his appearance and demeanor. In this particular I wish to know your opinion of Mr. Temple.

Col. Sir, I know of nothing which admits of proof less questionable, than that of deportment to the title and consideration you speak of. Mr. Temple is, in my opinion, all, and more than you have represented him to be. The moment you presented him, I saw in his countenance something which bespoke him a person of no inferior rank. The ease and gentlemanly confidence he possesses, is the strongest indication, in my opinion, of his respectability. I have ever thought, Sir, that a becoming confidence is a natural result,

sult, arising from a consciousness of our own worth; and that timidity and bashfulness are the surest symptoms of vulgarity and meanness.

Capt. You have judged rightly. Mr. Temple is, I assure you, the very essence of respectability. What say you, Colonel, of making one of our party to-morrow, and return him the visit he made you to-day? This is the visit of ceremony I had to propose.

Col. With all my heart, Captain; I will do myself the honor to wait upon you for that purpose.

Capt. Adieu, then, for the present.

[*Exit Capt.*

Col. Sir, your most obedient.

Col. Now which of the two prisoners shall I release first? If I should liberate this money vulture, his business with me may be too long for my female captive, who, impelled by that devilish spirit of curiosity so inseparable from the sex, may disregard the consequences of a discovery, and thus betray me to a rascal, whose good opinion I may find it necessary to cultivate, lest at any future period, he may have reason to rejoice in the opportunity which such a circumstance might afford him, to confound my reputation. I must, therefore, relinquish the pleasure I had hoped from one, to secure myself against the treachery of the other. (*He goes and releases the Milliner.*) Hist! hist! not a word for the universe, or we are discovered. I'll receive you at 12 to-night, at the garden-gate.

[*Exit Mill.*

(*Opens the chimney-board—Fungus comes out, covered over with soot, wiping himself with his handkerchief.*)

Col. Dear Mr. Fungus, what apology can I make? I had no other alternative, to prevent suspicion.

Fun.

Fun. My good Sir, if the expedient has answered the end you proposed by it, I am perfectly satisfied, Colonel. No apology, my good Sir; no apology, I pray you.

Col. You are too good, Mr. Fungus, indeed you are; but I hope the business which brought you here, may be attended with a profit equal to the concern I have felt for your sufferings.

Fun. I think it very probable, Sir. Here (*giving him notes*) are the notes I acquainted you with before. But, Sir, I have had a greedy gudgeon at my hook, who wants five hundred pounds to-morrow morning early: he seems in great distress for the money, and has so liberal a spirit withal, that I know of no premium we may not expect for the accommodation. His name, Sir, is Ferdinand Temple.

Col. Ferdinand Temple, say you? are you sure? is it Ferdinand Temple?

Fun. Yes, Sir, and he puts up at the Blue Bell.

Col. (*in an extasy*) Fortune, I thank thee! assist my farther contrivance, and all may yet go well.—(*Aside.*)—Mr. Fungus, you must see him as soon as you can, and require a good endorser: I suspect to whom he will apply, and should it be Capt. Allworthy, you may lend him double the sum, if he wants it; but be sure you get a round premium for it.

Fun. Let me alone for that.—Sir, your most obedient.

[*Exit Fun.*]

Col. Ha—ha—ha—ha—This is the man of rank and fortune, and the very essence of respectability. I thought what he was from his damn'd confidence. It would appear, however, that neither he nor Capt. Allworthy are yet acquainted with the letter which that damn'd treacherous Mittimus must

must have shewn to the old gentleman. Yes, it must be Sophia's own brother, sure enough——
(pauses)——I have it now. This scheme will at any rate bring to view the real condition of a man whose merits might otherwise make him a dangerous rival. I will send him a letter as from his sister, to prevent a discovery, and hold him up as the author of the other; for if once he gains an intimacy in the Squire's family, the unsuspecting heart of Eliza may soon be conquered, and by that means he may wrest from me a fortune which I have long considered as my own. Thus will I nip the golden prospect in the bud. [*Exit Col.*]

SCENE shifts to a Broker's Office.

[FUNGUS writing.]

Enter FERDINAND TEMPLE.

Fer. Here, Sir, I have now brought you my note, endorsed by Captain Allworthy *(gives the note.)*

Fun. A very good name, Sir, none better, I assure you; but, as I said before, money is so scarce, and——

Fer. Why, what the devil? I hope you don't mean to disappoint me, after what has passed.

Fun. Why, Sir, to be plain with you, I have no money at present at my command, that I can loan under eight per cent. a month—If that will suit you——

Fer. Well, well, if it must be so, let me know then what will be coming to me.

Fun. Let me see—let me see—the note is for five hundred pounds, at 30 days—there will then be due to you four hundred and sixty pounds; and, as you seem much pushed for this money, I shall

shall only charge you two per cent. for my own trouble.

Fer. Come, let's have it, let's have it.

(Fungus gives him £.450.)

Fun. I shall be happy to accommodate you in future, Sir. Your friend's name will always ensure a discount here.

Fer. I shall be much happier, you blood-sucking vagabond, never to stand in need of your favors. *[Exit Fer.]*

Fun. Ha—ha—ha—vagabond to be sure—I must now fulfil my promise, and take the note to the Colonel directly—Blood-sucking vagabond, to be sure. *[Exit.]*

SCENE shifts to a Parlor in Justice MITTIMUS'S House.

[Justice looking at a letter.]

Mitt. Buskin—Mac—Mummery—a curious name, truly.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. A gentleman wishes to speak with you, Sir.

Mitt. Desire him to walk in.

Enter a STRANGER.

Mitt. I presume, Sir, you are the person who sent me this letter.

Stran. My name, Sir, is Buskin MacMummery.

Mitt. The same—Why, Mr. MacMummery, I should be very sorry were you to sustain any injury on account of his confinement; but the law must take its course, Sir. A magistrate, as the sublime Milton very judiciously observes, is but a
H silent

silent law ; and the law a speaking magistrate—
Therefore you must speak to the law, Sir.

Stran. I'm not much acquainted with the logic of the bar, your worship—my profession being directly its opposite—inasmuch as the business of the law seems to consist chiefly in that of ejecting people from their houses, whilst mine is simply that of collecting them within.

Mitt. He—he—he—you are quite factious—he—he—he—But I query, notwithstanding your benevolence in the aforesaid particular, whether you do not generally, nevertheless, turn them out again, little benefited by your farces and foolery, and more out of humor at the loss of their admission fee, than well pleased with their entertainment.

Stran. This, Sir, is all owing to the lamentable—the deplorable—the unaccountable degeneracy of the public mind, from the immutable—inviolable—invincible standard of taste, known only to the ancients (*putting himself in a theatrical attitude.*)

When first the drama rear'd its head,
And dithyrambic verse was spread,
Or when Æschylus's rary show
Bade passion rise, and language flow ;
When heroes slain, and battle's rage,
Was represented by that Sage,
Not buskin then, but stilts, were us'd,
And bearded mask surprise diffus'd :
'Twas then that stage effect was known,
And stupid nature was out-done :
'Twas then hobgoblins danc'd around,
And ghosts and wizzards trod the ground ;
While sprights and spectres, wrapt in smoke,
Burst the dark cloud, and thundering spoke :
Th' affrighted audience stood aghast,
And novelty was then surpass'd :
But now, alas ! dramatic rules
Are so becrippled by the schools,

And

And criticism, that cursed thing,
 Has snipt so often fancy's wing,
 That, were it not for novel aid,
 The audience would oft be laid
 In slumbers deep, and sound as those
 Which vibrate through your worship's nose ;
 Whilst on the couch your Excellence
 Enjoyeth sweet convalescence,
 Thespis, that——

Mitt. (staring wildly at him) What the devil's the matter with the man ? Arn't you well, Sir ?

Stran. Sir, I have but repeated a mere scrap of three cantos which I composed since I heard of Mr. Spigget's unfortunate commitment ; and if you'll have a little more patience, I'll proceed——

Thespis, that hero of renown,
 In lofty numbers——

Mitt. (interrupting him) Sir, Sir, I'll excuse your poetry, if you please, and take the remnant of your story in honest prose. My ears are not accustomed to your spondees and your lyric fandangoes. I prefer plain prose, Sir.

Stran. (making a bow) You must know, Sir, that I have lately erected a small theatre in town, which I purpose to open this evening ; that having heard of Mr. Spigget's theatrical merits, I went t'other night to a spouting-club of which he is a member, and was so taken with the decided and novel superiority of his performance, that I engaged him to make his first appearance on my stage in a piece of my own composing, called the Charms of Novelty. I beg, therefore, your worship will have the goodness to take my security for his appearance, and suffer him to go at large until his engagements with me are fulfilled. I have been at his father's, Sir, who swears he would not bail him in the sum of twenty pounds to save him from the gallows.

Mitt.

Mitt. Well, Sir, as your interest seems to depend much on his liberation, I will order his release; but pray, Sir, what can have induced you to place so much dependence on this piece of automaton buffoonery, or to expect any benefit from his acting? He appears to me to possess no one single qualification for the stage.

Stran. Sir, he possesses one which I consider of greater importance in these days, than any which an arrogant critic might pronounce to be indispensable. Novelty at present is all the rage, Sir; and I trust, that good sense, and a revival of that taste which once distinguished between genius and the listless product of a simple and insipid imagination, will ere long recal the public mind from every species of dramatic witchery (calculated only to lure the fancy and deceive the sense) and fix it to the main design and settled purpose of the stage. People never go to theatres to be deceived, Sir, but to be amused; nor do they go with a view to behold the failings of their neighbors, or to see their own—Therefore no satire, under pretence of correcting the vices and follies of the times, shall ever be admitted in mine.

Mitt. Thank God for that—(*aside*)——Sir, I highly applaud your determination—But pray, what novelty have you allotted this coxcomb to perform?—You'll excuse me, Sir.

Stran. It was not my intention, Sir, to utter a syllable about the matter, in order that the thing might have its fullest effect on the audience; but as you seem to be a gentleman, and of course know how to keep a secret, I have no objection to make you acquainted with it. You must know, Sir, that in my last act I have a soliloquy of considerable length—Hitherto it has been customary for actors
to

to deliver these speeches in the usual way, namely, on their feet. A thought lately struck me, of varying the mode ; and I have (without presumption, I think) fortunately hit upon one, which (unless dire melancholy interpose) I am confident will go nigh to dislocate every jaw-bone in the house—(I hope your worship will attend)—In short, Sir, I have taught Mr. Spigget how to deliver this soliloquy on his head.

Mitt. What—ho ! ho ! ho !—What, standing—he ! he ! he !—standing on his head, Sir ?

Stran. Yes, Sir, upon his head, Sir—the thing will be astonishing. I don't know what the devil you can find to laugh at.

Mitt. Well, Sir, I'll order his release.

[*Exit Mummery.*

Oh ! I shall burst—ho ! ho !—standing upon his head—Oh, I shall die with laughing.

[*Exit Mitt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE—*A Parlor in Mr. ALLWORTHY's House.*

[*A SERVANT conducting Col. HARTLY into it.*]

Ser. My master desires you will be seated for a few moments, and he'll wait upon you.

[*Exit Ser.*]

Col. Now how to manage this suspicious inflexible old man——(*pauses*)——Chill prudence is generally the child of old age and experience, and that independence, rais'd by the hand of industry and care, is ever guarded by a circumspective apprehension that startles at every shadow of extravagance, which, under the specious cloak of liberality, might invade its strength. He loves his son almost to folly: may he not love his money too? Such are the inconsistencies of human actions, that a man will sometimes squander thousands upon one silly object, and grieve to death at loss of pence on others——Here he comes.

Enter Mr. ALLWORTHY, sullenly.

Col. I have ever been accustomed, Sir, to be received in this house with marks of complacency and respect, and cannot, therefore, meet that sullen aspect and unwelcome frown, with that indifference which my conscious innocence might warrant.

All. Talk not of your innocence, Sir; my suspicions of your guilt are but too well founded; were you not guilty, why not meet my sullen frown without concern?

Col.

Col. The testimony of the most spotless innocence, is not always sufficient to enable the accused to indure the crinating eye of foul suspicion.

All. Had I no other cause for suspicion, the letter, and the base designs which it unfolds, are sufficient evidence of your guilt.

Col. The glaring light of truth and innocence itself, is no protection against the envenom'd shafts of calumny.

All. I don't comprehend you, Sir.

Col. The inadvertencies of youth may find excuse, and charity may palliate the wild excesses of unripen'd years; but that guilty profusion, that unbounded extravagance, which, regardless of consequences, can maintain its unprincipled career on the ruin of an unsuspecting friend, is a crime of such merciless perfidy, such base degeneracy, that it needs a fouler name than any on the black catalogue of guilt, to mark its hideous form.

All. What am I to understand from all this?

Col. That the fairest semblance may conceal the falsest hearts.

All. Explain yourself, Sir.

Col. There is no treachery so artful, as that which cloaks itself with sentiment and candor.

All. Sir—

Col. Is not Mr. Temple (the intimate friend of your son) a very discreet, modest, virtuous young man?

All. He is, Sir, and more—

Col. I'm glad of it. The very sight of evil has oft contaminated youth. This note then, can, therefore, be no evidence of the contrary (*gives him the note.*)

All. Good Heavens! five hundred pounds, my son's endorsing—I'm astonished.

Col.

Col. I am not. The hope of impunity will lead the dissolute spendthrift to the perpetration of the worst of crimes; and the man who in this hope can adventure the bold commission of a forgery, will laugh and sneer at whatever might reproach his base unprincipled designs, and make the unsuspecting heart of confidence itself subservient to his will.

All. Forgery, say you?

Col. Arrant forgery! damn'd knavish trick, as e'er with specious art and plausible intent, assum'd the garb of honesty and rectitude of action, the better to conceal the poisonous fangs of defamation, and hellish purpose of premeditated guilt.

All. It surely cannot be! Some mysterious evil must have imposed upon your senses; his virtue is as spotless as the sun—his honor—his candor—

Col. Pshaw! pshaw! believe it not—all dissimulation and trick—Human nature, my good Sir, is a mere motley group of rank deceit, and patch'd up deformity, engag'd in counterfeiting happiness and virtue, which it does not possess, rejecting the more substantial, for the vain and pretended wants of life; assuming the appearance of probity, competence, and ease, yet struggling how to hide its actual misery and misdemeanor from the world.

All. Good Heavens! can I be thus deceived? forgery, say you?

Col. Aye, what else but an impudent forgery could that letter have been, of which you sent me a copy, and from which you have collected all the materials to effect my ruin? Is it wonderful, that the profligate viper, who, with insidious art and syren tongue, could impose upon the goodness of a real friend, should lack in diabolical invention to injure a supposed enemy?

All.

All. What enmity can he bear to you, Colonel?

Col. Do you not know, that he feigns love to your daughter—that he has been artful enough to graft his pretended passion, fraught with guile and deception, on the credulity of her unsuspecting heart—and that, with sighing, and cringing, and cunning, has so beguiled the simplicity of her nature, that very little remains to render the scheme of fraud and avarice complete?

All. Gracious Heaven!!!

Col. Actuated by the most selfish and criminal views, he has already ingratiated himself into the good opinion of your son, merely to get possession of his property, that he may riot in the haunts of debauchery, and squander away in the lap of voluptuousness, that wealth which has been accumulated by the industrious hand of frugality and care.

All. It shall not be! Sooner would I disinherit my children, than suffer them to be made beggars of, by the rapacity of such a villain. I'll go directly—(pardon me, Sir)—I meant to say, that at some convenient season, I will interrogate and call this specious deceiver to an account.

Col. Do so. And if he is not already beyond the reach of virtue; if his heart is not already as callous as the infamy of his designs are obvious, I would hold him up to the deformity of his own accursed ingratitude, in such terrible shapes, that the mirror should ravage his affrighted soul to desperation.

All. I will, Sir.

Col. For this purpose I leave you in possession of the note. It was by mere accident I became possessed of it. Having lately had some trifling matters of negociation with a broker, I happened

to mention the name of Temple, and as I had some prior suspicions of this gentleman's character, I learned from him sufficient matter, to warrant imputation of a deeper cast. On my return home, I discovered the very letter lying on my table, which you have since become possessed of, though by what strange conjuration, I'm unable to divine; and must, therefore, conclude, that similar means were used to get it into your hands, which conveyed it into mine. For the present, Sir, I take my leave, and trust, that no unfavorable image now against my honor, is left upon your thought.

[*Exit Col.*]

All. None, Sir, none!

Oh! how insupportable these suspicions! It cannot be!—And yet the story's evident, and strong, and black, and legible as this which stamps its bitter proof (*looking at the note.*)—What, here comes my son, I see.

Enter Capt. ALLWORTHY.

Ed. Father, have you seen my friend Ferdinand? He said he would be here about this time.

All. Your friend, say you? No: nor do I wish to see him, unless—(*embarrassed*)—I forget my purpose. But pray, now that you are talking about your friend, have you sufficient grounds to depend upon the integrity of his heart, to make of him so confidential a companion?

Ed. Whence these doubts, Sir? I have known him from a boy: his exemplary conduct, his noble ingeniousness, from his earliest day to the present hour, has so riveted my affections, that, next to my honored parents, I hold him nearest to my heart.

All.

All. I am glad you know him so thoroughly : the formation of connections is of the utmost importance throughout life, but especially on entering into it : there needs not a stronger indication of a corrupt mind, than the choice of bad company ; nor a surer evidence of a virtuous heart, than that which is founded on personal merit, and approved good conduct. My son, it is no uncommon thing for men, distinguished by their volatility of genius and talents, to feel the utmost indifference, and sometimes even contempt itself, for those prudential rules of life, without which no genius, however exalted, no talents, however exuberant, can shield the possessor from the dreadful consequences which must inevitably follow an intemperate disregard of them : therefore beware how you suffer your judgment to be governed by the external gloss of your companions.

Ed. What in the name of wonder can all this mean ? The discovery of the note, no doubt.—
(*Aside.*)—

All. Eddy, I have some matters to communicate to Mr. Temple, and wish to see him as soon as possible.

Enter a SERVANT.

—Mr. Temple, Sir.

Very opportune—You will leave us together ; and when I have done with him, I shall have much to say to you.

Enter FERDINAND TEMPLE.

[*Edmund meeting him as he enters.*]

Ed. Ferdinand, you will please to excuse me for half an hour—I am indispensably engaged, and must leave you awhile (*Fer. bows.*) [*Exit Ed.*

All.

All. My son and I have just had some conversation on the subject of false and real friendship, and were engaged in it when you came in.

Fer. I regret, Sir, that I have been the occasion of any interruption to a discourse so interesting.

All. That's more than I do ; for, by your permission, I shall take this opportunity to engage your sentiments on the same topic.—(*Ferdinand bows.*)—I am inclined to think, Mr. Temple, that in true and genuine friendship, there can exist no selfish motives, no deceitful views ; that all is pure and from the heart ; that it is never cultivated for mercenary purposes ; such motives being inconsistent with the nature of that pure, beneficent principle, from which all the benevolent affections flow.—(*Mr. Allworthy fixing his eye steadily upon him all the while.*)

Fer. Nothing can be more obvious, Sir.

All. Consummate effrontery !—(*Aside*)—You have long been in habits of intimacy with my son, I think. Pray, Sir, what is your opinion of him ? he's warm—has a generous heart—hasn't he ?

Fer. A paragon of generosity, Sir (*agitated.*)

All. Let me see—let me see—(*looking for the letter Mitimus sent him*)—You have a sister of the name of Sophia, I think.

Fer. I have, Sir.

All. Pray in what part of the country does she reside ? for I understand she was placed at some boarding-school by your uncle.

Fer. I have just received this letter (*taking out the letter Col. Hartly sent him, as from his sister*) from her, in which she informs me, that she had left school in April last, and has ever since resided with the aunt of a young lady of her acquaintance.

All.

All. A very extraordinary circumstance, truly.

Fer. Wherefore extraordinary, Sir?

All. Only as it respects a circumstance somewhat extraordinary, that's all.

Fer. I am at a loss to comprehend you, Sir.

All. Are you? Then perhaps this letter of your's may serve to dispel the mystery in which it seems to be enveloped (*gives him the letter—Ferdinand reads it with extreme emotion.*)

Fer. Good God, Sir! what can all this mean?

All. Mean, Sir? Why it means dishonesty! artifice! infamy! the trick of a knave to impose upon the credulity of fools.—Pshaw, pshaw, man, do not act the villain by halves; blush not that your schemes have been detected, but rather blush that you have dared to turn knave before the depravity of your heart had attained its maturity in guilt, before the deep bronze of eye-offending impudence had taken full possession of that front, and bade defiance to detection.

Fer. The circumstances on which you ground your reproaches, are as mysterious to me, as your unjust suspicions are unmerited: I know nothing of this letter, Sir, and therefore dispose them both (*throws it down.*)

All. Do you not? Mayhap then, you may recognize a little billet-doux of another kind—It may also serve to unravel the mystery of the letter; for I'm much mistaken if it bears not some analogy to it (*giving him the note.*)

Fer. This note, Sir, I acknowledge; the endorser is your son too; but it has no relation to any circumstance which ought or will excite a blush.

All. And how, Sir, have you thus dared to abuse the generosity of my son, and involve him in the guilt of your criminal extravagance?

Fer.

Fer. I have neither imposed upon your son, or betrayed him into guilt; and as to this act of his generosity, when you are made fully acquainted with the occasion of it, you will, I am persuaded, not only acquit him of suspicions so unjust, but will also exonerate me from the stain of having abused his generosity. Of these particulars you shall soon be fully satisfied, Sir. As to the letter which you have charged me with having written, I assure you I am an entire stranger to it; and, as it relates to a sister whose honor and happiness I esteem more than life, you will not, Sir, I trust, think me unreasonable in requesting a suspension of your thoughts, and time to bring this painful mystery to light.

All. I grant it, Sir; and though I cannot, under these circumstances, prevail upon myself to think otherwise than I do, yet shall I be happy to find sufficient grounds for a contrary belief—(*Ferdinand bows, and retires*)—Now let me see what excuse my son can make for his friend, and what his opinion is of the letter. O! unaccountable mystery! How much my heart feels interested in the issue.

[*Exit Allworthy.*]

SCENE opens to another Apartment, discovering
Joey and Flora.

Joey. Have I not, i'th' dead of night, visited your chamber window, and sung my plaintive grievances in direst elegies of song? Have I not sacrificed at the altar of your beauty, tears without number, and sighs without end? And for all this, have you not wantonly conjured up a story 'gainst my manliness, my undaunted bravery, my steel-proof courage, my excessive love, and my most renowned propensity to things which stamp the
excellence

excellence of man?—There, dam'me, if she can stand that, she's proof against any thing.—(*Aside.*)
 —But enough! my happiness has fled! and my life now seems an insupportable and heavy load, like that o'th' back of some starved Jack, whose tottering joints can scarce sustain his meagre looking bones—But enough! No more I feel the woman in me now; no love-sick planet ridden, moon cudgel'd, blubbering ninny now—No! I'll away to the field—to the ranks—I know my heart will break—let it—I may have a bushel of bullets in my guts—be it so—I shall have the consolations of a heart that bled and died to wipe away a base reproach against, against (*looking at a scrap of paper which he pulls out of his pocket*) my god-like bravery, and my matchless love (*attempting to go.*)

Flora. (affecting sorrow) Stay, Joey, stay awhile
 —I—I—

Joey. My life's my country's!!! At my country's call I go—So welcome death in all (*pulling out the paper*) in all its ghastly shapes of woe—As to fear and danger—I'm above it—I care not that about it (*snapping his fingers*)—So since you won't have me—why, dam'me, I'll—I'll—

Flora. (feigning sorrow) Stay, Joey, and hear me first—I—I—I don't wish you to expose your precious life, I don't; but if for my sake you are determined (*going to a corner of the room for a blunderbuss.*)

Joey. Aye, aye, you may blubber if you please—my resolution's fix'd—my purpose can't be mov'd—to the field—to arms—to the ranks—charge—push—crack—whiz—flit—bang—whiz.

Flora. (returning with the blunderbuss) Here, then, since you are determined, take this to defend yourself with.

Joey.

Joey. Gad a mercy, Flora, where did you get that frightful thing? O for the love of God (*falling on his knees*) do put it away again—I don't mind it, but it may go off, indeed it may—I'm sure it's loaded, that I am—put it away.

Flora. O thou pidgeon-livered poltroon, thou cow-hearted, gasconading cub of cowardice—away to the ranks (*presenting the piece, and following him.*) [Exit both.]

SCENE opens to a Street.

[*Capt. ALLWORTHY meeting FERDINAND.*]

Capt. All. I was going to your lodgings. My father has shewn me the letter which Col. Hartly has charged you with having forged, and has reproached me with having made myself a confederate in your guilt.

Fer. Did he inquire into the motives which induced you to endorse the note; or for what purpose I wanted this money?

Capt. All. No.

Fer. Then tell him that I was compelled to give my bond to an agent of the lady's at whose school my sister was placed; that in consequence of the failure of my uncle's remittances, out of which I regularly paid these accounts, I could not meet this last demand; for, though I have been able to support myself, my best exertions have been inadequate to more.

Capt. All. I'll inform him.

Fer. What a system of treachery!!

Capt. All. Nothing surprising—I know of no villainy too refined, no treachery too base, for the perfidious heart of that paragon of rascality: but have patience, and our revenge shall be complete.

Believe

Believe me, your feelings cannot be more severely wounded than my own; for though I do not feel a brother's regard, I nevertheless have one still nearer to my heart.

Fer. I have but just received this letter, wherein she tells me—here read it (*gives him the letter.*)

Capt. I have heard of this letter—It is a forgery of the Colonel's. But come, the subtle work of perfidy calls loudly for revenge, and justice brands supineness with the name of coward—"Tis time to act, lest some untoward evil mar our plot.

Fer. O God! O God!! can it be possible? and is my little Sophy thus become a prey to treachery and lust? Eternal curses light upon the villain's head. What! what shall I do? my frantic brain will urge me to acts of desperation—So innocent! so lovely fair! so artless!—Take me to the monster instantly, lest he escape that vengeance which my distracted soul burns within me to execute.

[*Exit both.*]

SCENE changes to Col. HARTLY's Library.

[*The COLONEL and FRIBBLE in conversation.*]

Col. Yes, thou hast lived with me long enough; it were injustice to keep thee longer in my service, and therefore we must part.

Frib. I hope no conduct of mine has merited this treatment. I have been both faithful and honest in your service, Sir (*looking disconsolately.*)

Col. Thou hast, Fribble; and it is chiefly because of thy honesty and faithfulness that we must part; and yet wert thou not honest, we could not live together—the paradox is easily solved. Thou art honest as my servant, but thou art a contemptible villain to thyself. Hast thou no ambition to rise above the menial grovelling of a base spirited
K wretch,

wretch, who, forgetful of his nature, can tamely cringe to that servility of life which (regardless of every thing great and noble) bends an indolent and spiritedless soul to the pitiful avocations and drudgery of a hireling? Can you prefer a situation so vile, so abject, to the manly turmoil, the soaring emulation, and noble anxiety inseparable from a more exalted sphere of action? No wish to assert those sacred rights which the author of nature has implanted in the bosom of every intellectual being? No desire to raise thyself to an equality of rank among thy fellow-creatures?

Frib. Sir, you have raised a tumult in my breast, to which I have hitherto been a stranger; and nothing but the want of opportunity and means to better my condition, checks the ardor of my soul: but alas! I have not wherewithal to change it.

Col. Then remain a fellow who has no will of his own; a creature dependent upon the caprice of others, and drag on through the degrading path of slavery, a pitiful and insipid life, for the glorious privilege of breathing.

Frib. Sooner would I breath my last, by mine own hands. No, Sir, I now feel myself a man, and am resolved to perish, rather than continue a life so wretched; but the means—

Col. And opportunity are both within your reach, and even now solicit your acceptance.

Frib. Name them, I am ready.

Col. You say that Mr. Temple is resolved to have satisfaction for the injuries I have done him, and that Sophia's uncle has returned from the Indies, and is on the road to town.

Frib. So have I learned, Sir.

Col. Here is a purse of gold for you!—It is but an earnest of what I intend farther to do for you, provided you assist me to accomplish my plans.

Frib.

Frib. Name them, I am ready, Sir.

Col. To deceive the uncle, and swear a forgery against his nephew.

Frib. Ah!!!

Col. What, man! art not panic struck already? is this the mighty evidence of your determined bravery?

Frib. A forgery, say you, against his nephew?

Col. All, and more, hadst thou a spirit better fitted to the boldness of my purpose: but I see I have mistaken my man.

Frib. You wrong me; I am ready to undertake it.

Col. Ere long, then, you must lie in wait for the uncle, who I fear may have learned the situation of Sophia, and endeavor to force her from me. I will instruct you how, and where you are likely to find him; and when found, to give him information that may change his rout. As to her brother, this will do for him (*pulling out a bank note*)—Convey this by some means into his hands; it is a counterfeit: and here is a letter to Justice Mittimus, accusing him of being the maker of them. Thus will he be apprehended immediately, and your evidence, of which I shall hereafter instruct you, must do the rest.

Frib. It shall all be done.

Col. Haste you with the note first, and afterwards the letter. [*Exit Frib.*]

So much for bribery. Now if I can but get this half-cook'd villain to perjure himself, he is mine on my own terms, and fitted then for enterprize of bolder sort. Thus all may yet go well, and Eliza's fortune be my own.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE—*A Parlor in SPIGGET's House.*

[FRIBBLE and JOEY drinking.]

Frib. (*laying down his glass*) Yes, a gentleman, and a man of fashion too; and wert thou not some goose-hearted, misbegotten jacksnipe, thou wouldst also spurn a situation so contemptible, and, by a bold and noble struggle for consequence, assert the rights of man.

Joey. Consequence forever, I say; come, here's to thee (*drinks*) and now—I—I begin to feel as how I never was designed for a pitiful lick-dish at the Blue Bell. Old dad may go to the devil, an' he will—I'll be a scrub, a scout tumbler no longer—but—but, Master Fribble, you must find all the cash then, for——

Frib. Here, take this to begin with (*giving him a purse of money*)—It contains sufficient for a journey of a hundred miles or more, and when that's done——

Joey. Stay, Master Fribble, any thing but that, your honor, any thing but that—I—I don't know the butt end of a pistol from the muzzle on't, and I never had such a thing in my hands but once in all my life; and besides, I couldn't hit a hay stack, indeed I couldn't (*turning his back upon Fribble.*)

Frib. Ha! ha! ha! what the devil? You don't think I am proposing the highway to you, man?

Joey. Indeed I couldn't (*with his back towards him.*)

Frib.

Frib. What the devil, man, are you shaking about? I only mean to turn speculator, and rob the public in a genteel way.

Joey. O, if that's all, here's my hand—But—You'll excuse me—I hope you havn't been scamping for that there money—You take me—

Frib. No! no!—My master lately gave me a small sum for secret services, that's all—Not to put my finger upon a trigger, you gander, but my thumb upon a bible, thou ninny-looking shock.

Joey. Pray Heaven you may never get me under your thumb.—(*aside.*)—As to the matter about speculating, why, I don't think there can be much harm in figuring the people out of a little cash in a genteel way, as you observe—A goose quill is a very harmless weapon; but I have a mortal aversion to all kinds of fire-arms, and I couldn't cock a pistol to save my life, indeed I couldn't.

Frib. Cock thy stupid brains, and be d——d to thee. Art dreaming about pistols? The business in which I wish to engage you, is an honorable one, a fashionable one, and, if followed up properly, and left off in right season, will make our fortunes in a crack.

Joey. I tell you I couldn't crack a pistol to save my soul (*turning his back upon him.*)

Frib. Thou blunderbuss of stupidity, I tell thee I mean no such thing—Speculation is a kind of privateering on the public.

Joey. O Sir, you must excuse me, indeed you must—I never could endure salt water nor ships, indeed I couldn't.

Frib. Numbscull, I tell thee again and again, that speculation is a business in which there is neither gun-powder, pistols, nor salt water—It requires

quires neither courage nor capital to carry it on—Impudence and cunning are the only essential qualifications; and the want of reputation, never injures its success.

Joey. O, if that be all——

Frib. Let me see—As soon as I receive the money I am promis'd, we'll go to some part of the continent where neither of us are known—Each hire a large house, and furnish it in the best style, upon credit—Give large parties, and good dinners—Get money of the brokers, upon our own and our confederates' endorsements, at any premium, no matter how great, as Mr. Fungus tells me—Circulate as much of this paper as possible—Purchase lands, or any thing else, to the utmost extent of our credit—Scrape together all the cash we can lay our clutches on: and lastly, do as hundreds of worthy gentlemen have done before—secrete the ready—stop payment—break honorably, and laugh immoderately at all knavish creditors. (*Both, ha! ha! ha! ha!*)—We may go to prison, I grant; but there's nothing vulgar in that now-a-days; we are sure of finding good company there; and if we can't compromise with our creditors for eighteen-pence in the pound, we can take the benefit of the act, swear we are not worth a cent, and come out again with as good a grace as we went in—In short—but I must leave you instantly (*looking at his watch*) I have some business with Mr. Fungus, so adieu, my boy, for the present: when next we meet, I will unfold to you the whole of my plans, and ere long I trust we shall hold up our heads with the best of them.

[*Exit Fribble.*]

Joey. Huzza for consequence and the rights of man—But mind now then (*looking after Fribble*

as

as he goes off) that there's no pistols nor—(*Bell rings*)—(*Joey pulls up the waistband of his breeches, and struts about the stage.*)—(*Bell rings.*)

Joey. Ring away, old codger, till your heart rings again—I'm no bell scamper now—I'm a man of fashion and consequence, and——

Enter FERDINAND TEMPLE.

Fer. Where are your ears? I have been ringing for you this half hour, you cur—Why didn't you attend?

Joey. (*assuming great dignity*)—Imagine you are under a small mistake, Sir—The firm of Spigget and Fribble, attend to things of greater moment now.

Fer. What's got into the fellow's head? Are you mad, Sir? (*taking him by the collar.*)

Joey. Mad, Sir? If to know myself to be a man of fashion, and upon an equality with the best gentleman in the land, be madness—If to assert the sacred rights of man, be——

(*Ferdinand canes him confoundedly.*)

O for the love of God, have a little mercy—I'm mad, I'm sure I am—Yes, your honor, I'm a bedlamite.

Fer. Silence! you jackanapes, and answer me directly. I understand you have learned some particulars respecting a young lady of the name of Sophia Temple; tell me instantly, and truly, all you know about her, or this sword—(*drawing one out of the cane*)

Joey. O laud! O laud! don't murder a bedlamite!!

Fer. Begin, sirrah, and be as explicit, as I am impatient to hear.

Joey.

Joey. I will, your honor; O laud! yes, your honor; but pray, do put up that ugly thing again; it frightens me out of my wits, it does.

Fer. There (*sheathing it*) begin, sirrah.

Joey. Your honor must know (now do spare my blushes, your honor) that I have long had a sneaking regard for Flora, Miss Eliza's—

Fer. (*drawing his sword*) Damnation to your Flora, and your sneaking regard too—Where is Sophia Temple, sirrah? where is my sister?

Joey. O laud! indeed, Sir, if I had it at my tongue's end, your passion, and that ugly piece of steel, would frighten it down my throat again in an instant. I'd as lief you would kill me outright, as terrify me to death so. Only do put it up once more, your honor, and I'll tell you all about it.

Fer. Provoking devil, there (*sheathes it.*)

Joey. Sophia Temple is—

Fer. Where? be quick.

Joey. (*with great rapidity*) Is at one Mother Davis's, near the Spread Eagle, your honor, and Colonel Hartly, about two or three weeks since, made love to her, they say, and enveigled her to that vile house, under a pretence that it was to a relation's he was taking her, and Sophia, suspecting his designs, has refused to see him ever since, and the people that keeps the house, thinks she is some other girl, and not your honor's sister, and—

Fer. Enough! go instantly and procure me a coach, and let me know when it is ready.

Joey. Yes, your honor (*running off.*)

Fer. Had I ten thousand lives, I could risk 'em all in the cause of suffering innocence; but for a sister so beloved—(*pausing*)—Even now the defenceless victim of his accursed treachery,
may

may be forced to listen to his blasted speech ; nay, driven, perhaps—Oh ! insupportable thought—But I'll away, and if I find him out, I'll rid the world at once of infamy and him. [*Exit.*]

SCENE—*A Library.*

[*Col. HARTLY in an undress, in deep meditation.*]

Col. To shrink now, would be to court suspicion, and fear be construed into evidence of guilt. By this time, however, I have nothing to fear from her brother, whose commitment for forgery, will afford me fresh grounds to complete his ruin.

Enter a SERVANT.

Capt. Allworthy desires to be admitted immediately.

Col. Did you tell him I was at home ?

Ser. Yes, Sir, and I was afraid he would have jumped over my head, whether I would or not—I believe he's mad.

Col. Confusion ! what can this mean ?

Enter Capt. ALLWORTHY.

Capt. All. Under other circumstances, I might feel disposed to apologize for this intrusion, and apparent contempt of ceremony ; but the nature of my business at present admits of none (*much agitated.*)

Col. Whence this extraordinary agitation, Sir ? I hope nothing dreadful has happened.

Capt. O no, Sir, no—wearied a little with my own reflections, that's all.

Col. I'm sorry that any reflections of your's, Sir, should be of a nature to excite so much uneasiness.

L

Capt.

Capt. And I too, when I consider that it can only be removed by blood——

Col. What mean you, Sir?

Capt. What means this solicitude, Colonel? I thought philosophy had fortified your heart against even the possibility of being betrayed into a foolish concern for others.

Col. Pardon me, Sir—you do me injustice to suppose me a stranger to those feelings which I consider the chief ornament of our nature.

Capt. Then I crave your pardon, and congratulate you with my whole heart. But there is so much damn'd, cursed hypocrisy in the world, that it is difficult to lay one's finger on an honest man (*eying him steadily.*)

Col. Nothing more true, Sir; very true indeed.

Capt. And nothing more common, Sir—Nay, I have but just now detected as smiling and as honey-tongu'd a hypocrite as e'er canted morality, or polluted sentiment—a specious, damn'd moralising, demure-looking saint, to be an arrant impostor, a deliberate rogue.

Col. I have ever mistrusted these speech-mongers. Integrity of heart, and steadiness of principle, spurns the luring embellishments of sophistry and gaudiness of speech.

Capt. Curse on your integrity, and your speech too. Know you ought of Sophia Temple, Sir?

Col. Sophia Temple, Sir—(*affrighted*)—Do you mean the person alluded to in the forged letter your father lately sent me a copy of?

Capt. Perfidious scoundrel! The infamy of thy designs, and their peculiar baseness to that helpless, that innocent orphan——

Col. 'Tis false—I never——

Capt.

Capt. Thou accursed paragon of hell's blackest emissaries, thou perjured villain, take the reward of thy dark and diabolical offences (*draws.*)

Col. (starting back) I'm unarm'd, Sir. The crimes of which you accuse me, and against which your intemperate and unmanly rage is levelled, are of a paler complexion than that which you are about to commit. Allow me but the means of defence, and damn'd be him whose courage first gives out.

Capt. (sheathing his sword) I am no assassin; and though the wounds thou hast inflicted here, would justify the deed, I will spare thy life; and may the consciousness of your own broad and ponderous misdeeds, be the lightest punishment your crime-stained heart can suffer.

(*As Capt. Allworthy goes off, Col. Hartly follows.*)

Col. You wrong me, by heaven you do.

Capt. Undaunted dissembler! thy artifice can no longer cloak thee. Detection, glaring as the evidence of light itself, has at length unmasked that front, and sculptured villain on't—Away, thou false-tongu'd demon, from my sight.

(*Attempts to go off again.*)

Col. (following) Nay, I will be heard, by heaven I will.

Capt. (taking him by the collar) Thus to rob me of all patience—Take that, and quit my sight forever (*pushes him off.*) [Exit Capt.]

Col. O! disgraceful, ignominious chastisement! but if he escape my fury, may curses sharper than the lightning's flash! may heaven's deadliest thunder light upon this head, and frustrate every hope of vengeance! [Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE—*A Parlor in SPIGGET'S House.*

[FERDINAND *walking the room in haste—then rings the bell—looks at his watch.*]

Fer. 'Tis time my uncle was here.

Enter JOEY.

Is the coach ready?

Joey. Yes, Sir, but there's a strange gentleman below, wishes to see you first.

Fer. My uncle, I dare say (*as he goes towards the door, he is met by a constable.*)

Con. Is your name Ferdinand Temple, Sir?

Fer. It is, Sir.

Con. Then you are my prisoner, Sir—Here (*to others without*) seize that fellow there (*two others enter and seize him.*)

Enter Commodore TOPLIFT and BOBSTAY.

Com. (*seeing his nephew in the hands of the constables*) Aback there, messmates—drop a stern, or mayhap I may lower some of your top-masts, do you see (*flourishing a huge hanger*)—Make ready for action, Bobstay (*Bobstay draws, and Ferdinand is released.*)

Com. What, my nephew (*they embrace.*)

Fer. My good, my generous, my long-lost uncle.

Com. Give us your fist, my boy, give us your fist—Shan't founder while I have a dollar in my chest—Cheer up, my boy, cheer up—What! some little bantling in the wind, I suppose; but never mind that, you swab you—How's my little Sophy, eh? grown as tall as our mizen, I suppose, eh? A good girl tho', I'll be bound—O, how I long to hug the little baggage to my heart.

Fer. Alas! my uncle, your poor Sophy!—(*he then walks about the room in silent sorrow.*)

Com.

Com. What ! (*looking wildly after him*) Aye, aye, I understand, I understand ; you need not say more : poor little thing ! she was but slender built, and I suppose nobody cared much about her when I was gone.—(*pauses.*)—Yes, I remember (*wiping his eyes*) I remember how she used to sit smiling on my knee—Yes ! she was the delight of my heart, and—Well, well, she is now safe moored in that peaceful harbor, where the storm that wreck'd that little barque, will ne'er disturb her more—But, she was the delight of my drooping years, and I had promised myself so much happiness when I came home ; but (*wiping his eyes*) but, she's gone, and I can't bring her back again. (*Ferdinand, hearing the latter part of these reflections, steps up to him in haste.*)

Fer. Sir, you mistake me ; your Sophia is alive, and well, I hope.

Com. Alive ! alive !! eh ? where, where's my little Sophy ?

Fer. Patience, my good uncle, and I'll inform you. I was that instant going to see her, when those fellows came in from whose clutches your bravery has releas'd me.

Com. Why, you swab ! you lubberly-looking porpus you—Come then, let's away—I'll convoy thee to her quarters in a second. My little Sophy (*wiping his eyes*)—You lubberly-looking shark (*to Ferdinand*) bear a hand, you swab you !—to set me a piping so. [*Exit all.*]

SCENE—an Apartment in Mother DAVIS's House.

[*SOPHIA rising from a chair, to meet NANCY.*]

Sophia. O pray ! I beseech you, Nancy, try and prevail on her not to send me to a prison—I am a very

very decent kind of person, I assure you, and of very good connections—She knows I have no money, and the means of procuring it she denies me.

Nancy. Indeed I wish with all my heart she would be less severe with you—But she says all her dependance is upon the Colonel, and if you determine not to see him on any terms, you must expect the worst. *[Exit Nancy.]*

Sophia. O! cruel treatment—alas! what have I done to merit it? O! my brother, did you but know the shocking alternative to which your poor dejected Sophy is driven! Couldst thou but hear her sad complaint, how thy manly and generous spirit would burn with indignation against her merciless betrayer. But, alas! I'm friendless! forsaken! lost!

Enter Mother DAVIS.

So, Miss Prue, you are got into one of your tantrams again, I see; but I'll be imposed upon no longer with your lamentations and fuss about nothing at all; and so I tell you once for all, that if you still refuse to see company, I shall insist upon a settlement for your board and lodging, I shall.

Sophia. O, let me implore your mercy, and if I am to suffer, let it not be in a loathsome prison—A few days more, and I shall be released from all my woes.

Mother Davis. This is all very pretty and fine; but the Colonel told me long ago what I was to expect from such an artful baggage; but out you shall tramp, or my name's not Davis—*(goes out, and returns with two constables)*—There, gentlemen, there's your prisoner, take her away.

Con. Come, come, Miss, none of your maidenish
airs

airs with us, if you please—(*Sophia struggles—they force her away.*)

Re-enter NANCY.

Nancy. O, ma'am, there's two or three fine gentlemen at the door.

Mother Davis. As I live it must be Major Epaullet and the Captain.

Enter COMMODORE, FERDINAND, and BOBSTAY.

Com. Sarvant, ma'am, sarvant, ma'am—I suppose you keep this here house, don't you?

Mother Davis. Let me see, let me see (*going up to him*) havn't I seen this face before? Arn't you Captain—Captain——

Com. Arn't you a damn'd b—h? (*laying hold of her shoulder*) Where's the young woman?

Fer. Stay, uncle, I beseech you, let me speak to her.

Com. Sheer off, you swab you—I'll manage the old hell cat, I warrant you. Tell me honestly this instant, or I'll shiver this old hulk to flitters, I will (*shaking her*) where's my Sophy?

Mother Davis. La, Sir, believe me there's no lady of that name in my house, I assure your honor.

Com. Woman! beware how you attempt to impose on me—I have learned all about it, and I know she has been in this damn'd place these three weeks past.

Mother Davis. Believe me, Sir, I have had no lady of that name in my house these three years past. Col.—a gentleman I mean—brought——

Com. & Fer. Brought who?

Mother Davis. Brought a young lady here lately of the name of Juliet Harcourt.

Com.

Com. Bring her here this instant.

Mother Davis. La, Sir, it cannot be the lady you are inquiring after. The person I have just turned out of doors, was——

Fer. Out of doors?

Mother Davis. A person of no good reputation or character, I assure you ; for she had the best of offers from the Colonel—the gentleman I mean—but, like an obstinate baggage, she never would consent to see him. So I have just now turned her over to those who will provide for her more suitably to her means, for I can't afford to board and lodge people in my house for nothing at all. This locket here is all I have received these three weeks, and I warrant it's not worth a dollar.—
(*shews it.*)

Fer. It is indeed my dear sister's.

Com. Where is she, you old tygress, where is she? (*menacing.*)

Mother Davis. La, Sir, you may overtake her in five minutes ; come to the street door, and I'll shew you which way they went. [*Exit all.*]

SCENE shifts to a Street, discovering Constables dragging Sophia along, and a Mob hooting after her.

Enter COMMODORE, FERDINAND, and BOBSTAY, close upon their heels.

Com. Sheer off, you pickaroon-looking pirates, sheer off (*wielding his sword*) and take your grappling hooks from that there innocent girl, or by G—d I'll send every devil of you to Old Davy in a trice.

(*Sophia here first discovers her Brother, and exclaims as she rushes into his arms*)—All gracious Heavens ! My brother !!

Com.

Com. Fore and aft there, Bobstay, rake 'em, my boy (*they both lay too, and the mob disappear.*)

Com. What, my little Sophy, have you forgot uncle Toplift?

Sophia. My brave, my good, my generous uncle—(*they embrace, and while she remains in his arms, the Commodore endeavors to stifle his emotions.*)

Com. Damnation!—I—I—I love thee, Sophy, better than I do my own soul, I think. Keep up thy little heart, Sophy! My darling, nothing shall harm thee—I'd defend thee now against all the world, I would—Cheerly, my little darling, cheerly—Why droops my Sophy, my own darling?—Cheerly then. [*Exit all.*]

SCENE—*An Apartment in SPIGGET'S House.*

[*JOEY cleaning some glasses.*]

Joey. Speculation to be sure! No, no, Master Fribble, it won't do. I see through you now, as clearly as I can see through this glass (*holding up a tumbler*)—Ecod, I should soon at that rate, with his noble struggle for consequence, be rais'd indeed—but I guess it would be on the pillory. No, no, Master Fribble, it won't do.

Enter FRIBBLE.

Frib. Well, Mr. Spigget, we will now enter upon our new plans; and first——

Joey. (*interrupting him*) Sir, Sir, my name is Joey, plain downright Joey, and no Mister; and as to your new plans, why, I thank you, Sir, but they won't do.

Frib. No!

Joey. No.

AT

Frib.

Frib. What's the matter?

Joey. Nothing!

Frib. Are you in earnest?

Joey. Exactly so.

Frib. What's become of all that spirit of emulation and enterprise you so lately felt?

Joey. I've had different feelings since, your honor (*rubbing his shoulders.*)

Frib. How didst thou come by them?

Joey. Ask Mr. Temple.

Frib. What! I suppose then he has been giving thee a lecture on passive obedience and non-resistance, eh?

Joey. Exactly so.

Frib. And pray, what were the arguments he used?

Joey. He only used one, Sir.

Frib. And what was that one, pray?

Joey. A bamboo, I think they call it (*rubbing.*)

Frib. And wert thou tame enough to suffer it?

Joey. Why, I confess it hurt my feelings considerably, but I was obliged to submit.

Frib. Pough, pough, man, never forget the sacred rights of humanity. (*Bell rings.*)

Joey. Coming, coming.

Frib. One bold push, and I'll stake my life.

Joey. Very likely indeed, but I don't wish to stake mine, and I've no stomach for pushing, indeed I havn't. (*Bell rings.*)

Frib. Then remain a fellow who has no will of his own; a mere creature dependent upon the caprice of others, and drag on through the degrading path of slavery, a pitiful and insipid life, for the glorious privilege of breathing. [*Exit Frib.*

Joey. Aye, and thank you too (*looking after him*) and be damn'd to your long speeches—(*Bell rings*)—Coming, coming. [*Exit Joey.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Parlor in Mr. ALLWORTHY's House.*

[*Mr. ALLWORTHY and ELIZA.*]

Mr. All. Well, well, I shall leave your brother, then, to the direction of his own understanding : The circumstance, however, of her being supposed to have been betrayed by that arch impostor——

Eliza. O papa, you may rely upon it, the wretch's views have been completely foiled, and her innocence will suffer no diminution from the baseness of his attempts.

Enter COMMODORE, FERDINAND, SOPHIA, and Capt. ALLWORTHY.

Mr. All. (*eagerly stepping forwards to meet Ferdinand Temple*) Merely to confess the injustice I have done you, by those suspicions into which I was betrayed, would be but a slender reparation, were it unaccompanied by an anxious desire that my future friendship and good opinion may in some measure compensate for what has past.

Fer. Believe me, Sir, I never thought you injured me ; and had it even been possible for the good Mr. Allworthy to have forgotten for a moment the wonted benevolence of his heart, this grateful testimony of regard would more than make amends, had my sufferings been ten times greater : but I have now other motives for rejoicing. This, Sir (*presenting Sophia*) is my sister. I need not add the painful circumstances of her story—to you I am persuaded they are fully known.

Mr. All. Welcome, thrice welcome, young lady, to my heart—(*Mr. Allworthy here presents her to his daughter.*)

Fer. And this, Sir (*presenting Commodore Toplist*)

lift) is my good uncle, of whom you have often heard me speak.

Mr. All. (to the Commodore) The respectful manner in which your nephew has always mentioned your name, gives me a stronger desire to be rank'd among your friends and personal acquaintance—
(*gives him his hand.*)

Com. Thank you, Sir, thank you, Sir; I'm not much used to flummery and fine speeches; I don't know how it is, but my heart always bounces against my timbers, whenever I see friends forgetting and forgiving, as the saying is. I believe my nephew here is an honest hearted lad enough: for my part, now I've found my darling, I bear no malice to any man, not I——Avast there—yes, by G—d, I do tho', and the lubberly yahoo who would have taken my little Sophy from me, shall feel my resentment yet, or my name's not Toplift. Do you see this here cat? (*pulling out of his pocket a rope of about two feet long, with knots upon it.*)

Capt. All. Ha! ha! ha!—Why, Commodore, you surely are not serious—You certainly can't mean any such outrage—If you are determined on a combat with him yourself, you must conform to those rules which custom has prescribed.

Com. I'll twig the porpus.

Capt. You must take the sword—

Com. I'll grapple the swab.

Capt. Or pistols.

Com. I'll douse his binnacle.

Capt. Consider his rank.

Com. He's a lubberly yahoo.

Capt. He's a son of Mars too.

Com. He's a son of a b—h.

Capt. Ha! ha! ha!—Well, if this be your determination, I know it will be in vain to attempt
to

to dissuade you from it—but I think you had better reflect upon it.

Com. Thank you kindly for your advice, but I'll keel-haul the porpus yet, or my name's not Toplift.

All. Do as you please with him, Commodore; but for the present be pacified—I have graver matters in contemplation, in which you are equally interested. I have lately found out some circumstances relative to my son and daughter, and your nephew and niece, which (if you have no objection) shall be adjusted upon the spot.—(*they all stand amazed.*)—I find that my son Edmund is over head and ears in love with your beautiful niece; and that your nephew, out of pure spite, wishes to run away with my daughter.

Com. (*to Ferdinand, who looks down*)—You sheep-faced looking porpus you, and you (*going up to Sophia*) come hither, my little darling (*taking her by the hand*) I didn't mean to make thee blush. Give us your fist, you swab you (*to Ferdinand—and then leading them to Capt. Allworthy and Eliza*) Here, here, get splic'd, get splic'd, as soon as you can, and Heaven grant you fair weather and a prosperous voyage.

All. May Heaven reward your innocence and loves.

Com. (*singing*) “A light heart and a thin”—Here, old boy (*to Allworthy*) here's a trifle for my little Sophy (*pulling out some notes*) mayhap the baggage wants new rigging, and when that's done, she may always have more of old Toplift. As to young swab there, I'll take care to line his pocket well, I warrant you—And as to fortune, why, I think I can match 'em with any that you can give, do you see, old swag-purse—You'll excuse me.

Enter

Enter a SERVANT.

Col. Hartly desires to see Capt. Allworthy immediately, Sir *(all amazed.)*

Com. O! ho! *(taking out his rope's end.)*

Enter Col. HARTLY.

Col. *(to Capt. Allworthy)* Thou accursed, thou welcome victim to my vengeful hate—defend thyself—*(draws.)*

Capt. *(drawing)* Come on, thou serpent of deception, and take the just reward of all thy hellish deeds—*(they make several passes, and the Colonel is slightly wounded—Sophia rushes in between them, and is recognized by Col. Hartly, who, with averted look, exclaims—I'll fight no more—at the same time his sword falls from his hand.)* [Exit Col.

Mr. All. *(looking after him)* Go, contemptible wretch, go whither thou wilt, thy murdered conscience will disturb thee still, and in that retirement to which shame and the derision of the world must drive thee, reproaches foul and thick as vapor, from the rankest drug will gnaw thy vitals to the quick.—*(To the Audience.)*—Thus it is with vice, when once detected: loathed of itself, detested of the world. But virtue! O, how immutable! how lovely art thou!—Without thee, nothing is great, nothing estimable. Beauty will fade—wit and learning will pass away—all the arts and embellishments of life will vanish like a dream; but thou art everlasting as the works of God. Without thee, the highest pitch of human grandeur is but misery in disguise. Thou fearest not the scrutinizing eye of suspicion, nor the slandering tongues of men. Probity and truth are thy companions, and the brighter the light in which thou art seen, the more transcendent are thy beauties.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

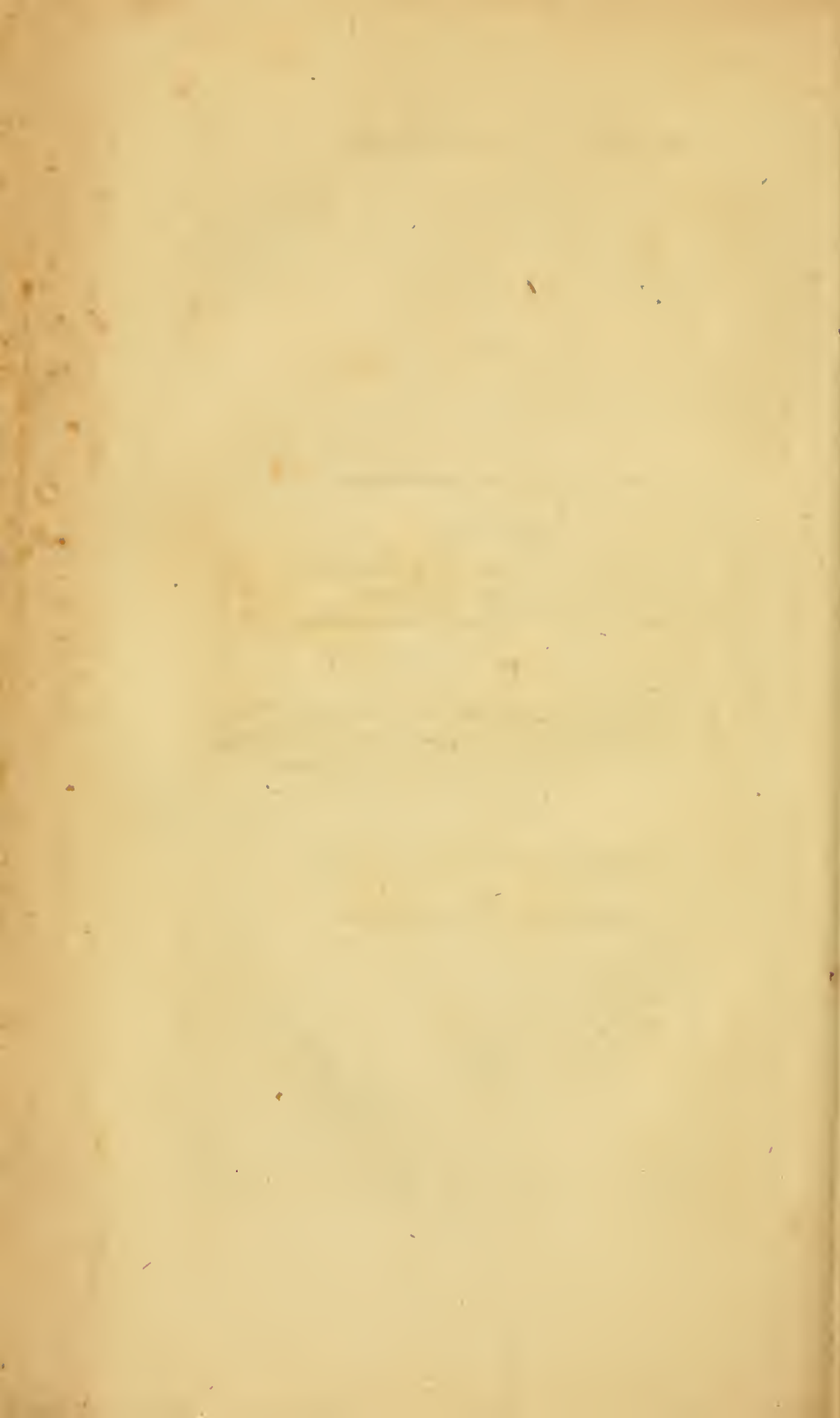
Page 8, line 32nd, for "*purred*," read pursed.

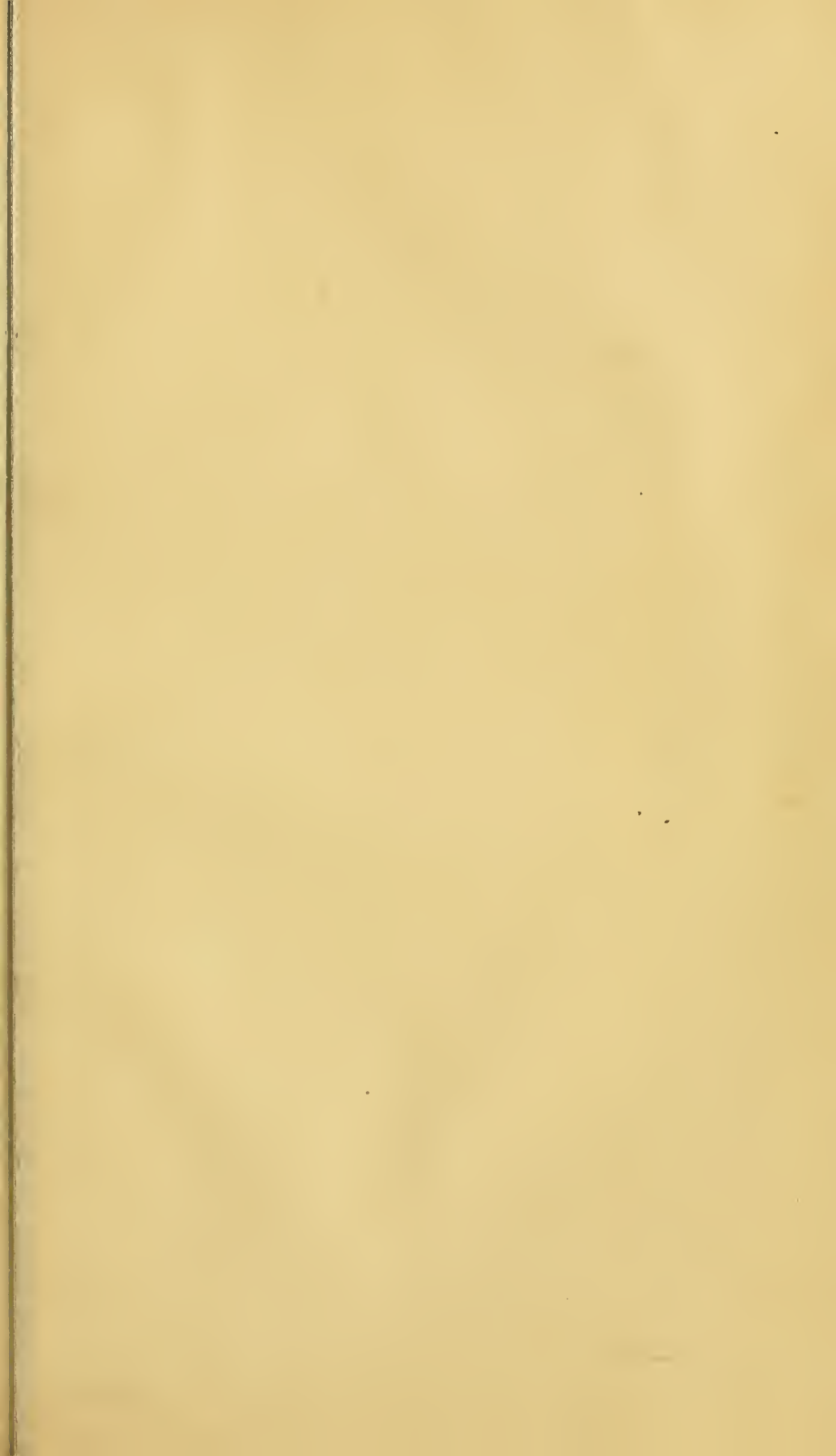
— 44, line 2nd, for "*head*," read heart.

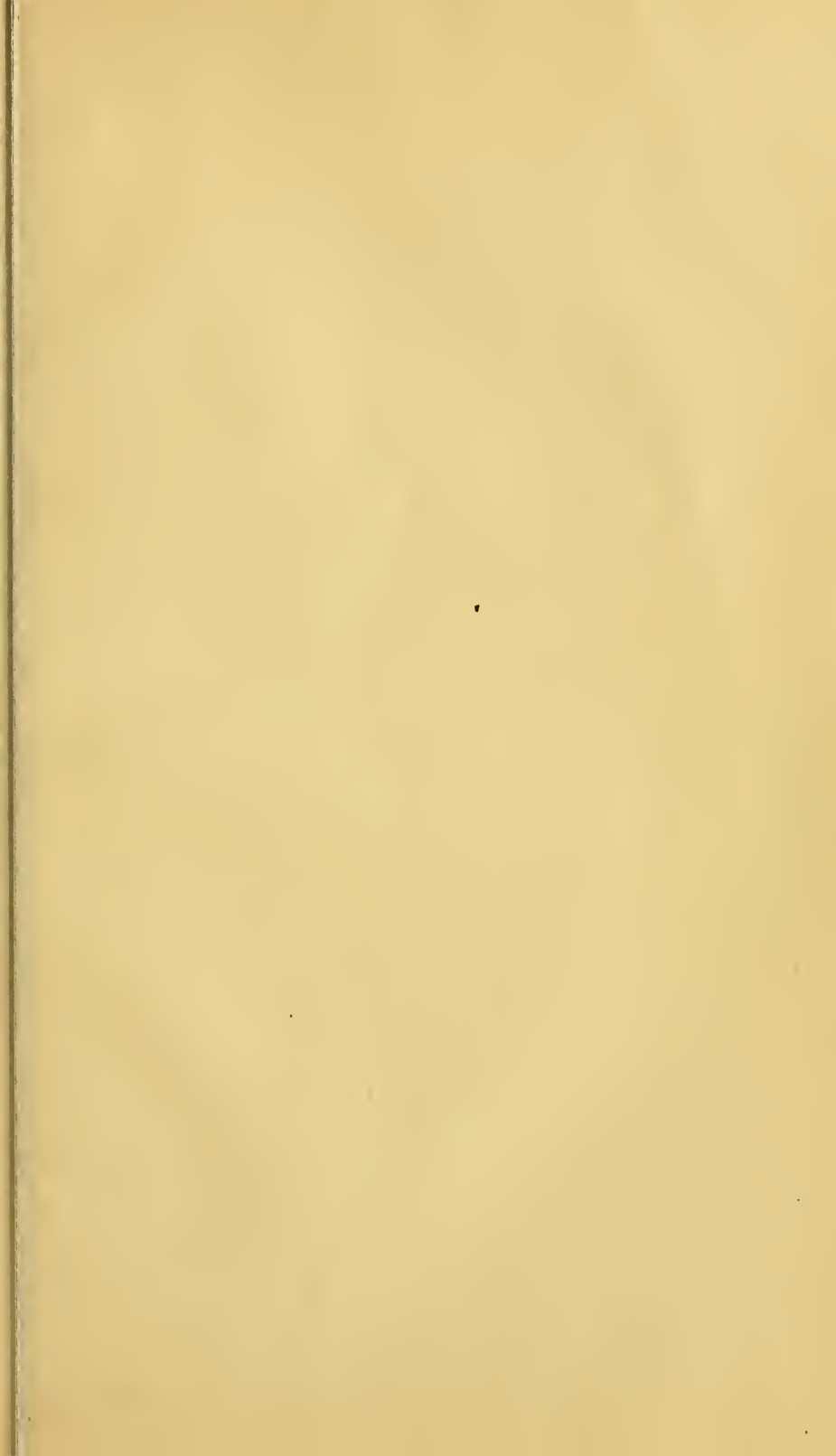
— 58, line 9th, for "*fuctionous*," read facetious.

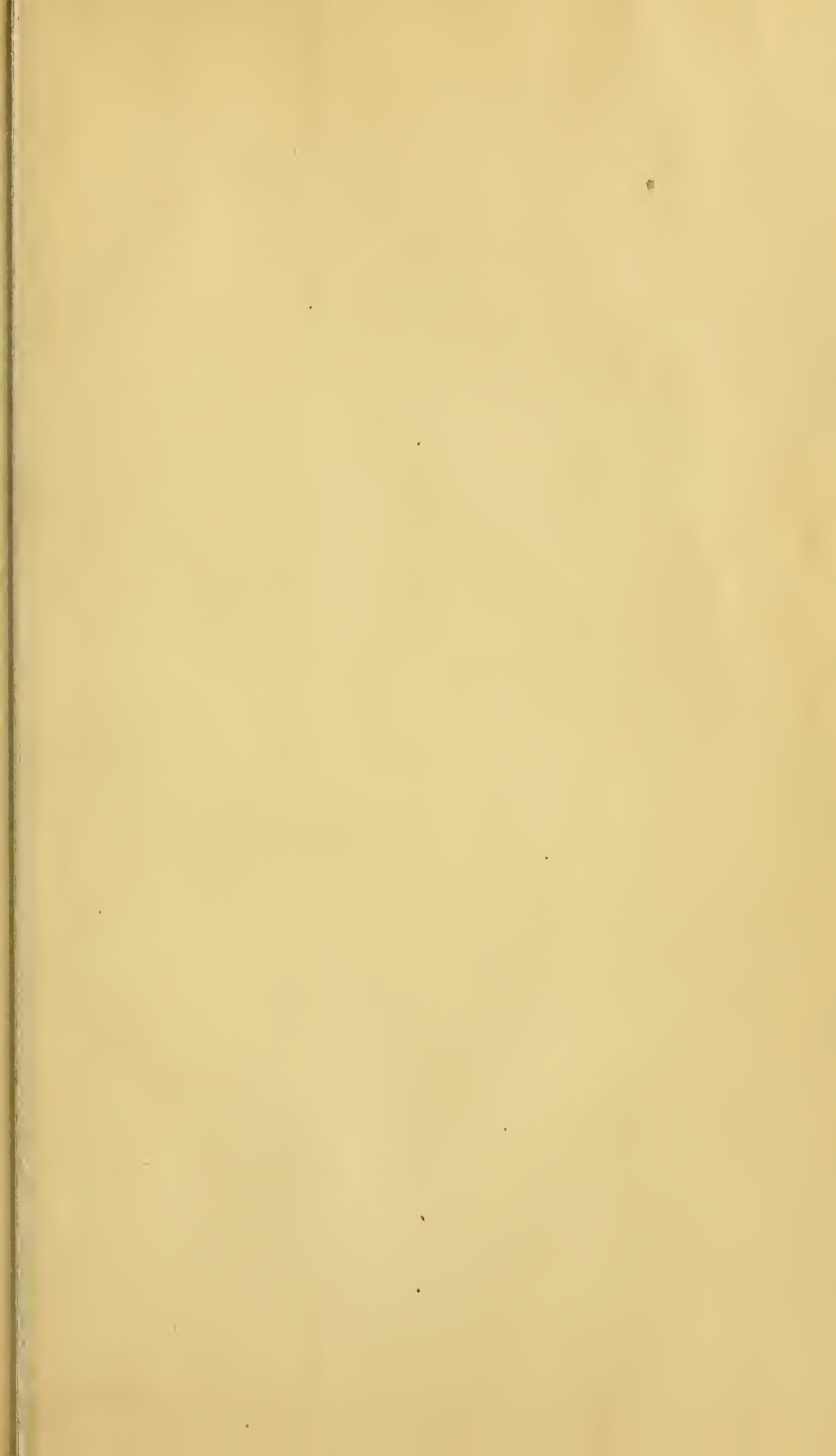
N. B. The Prelude, and the scene between Justice Mittimus and Buskin Mac Mummery, was added in consequence of its being refused stage representation.

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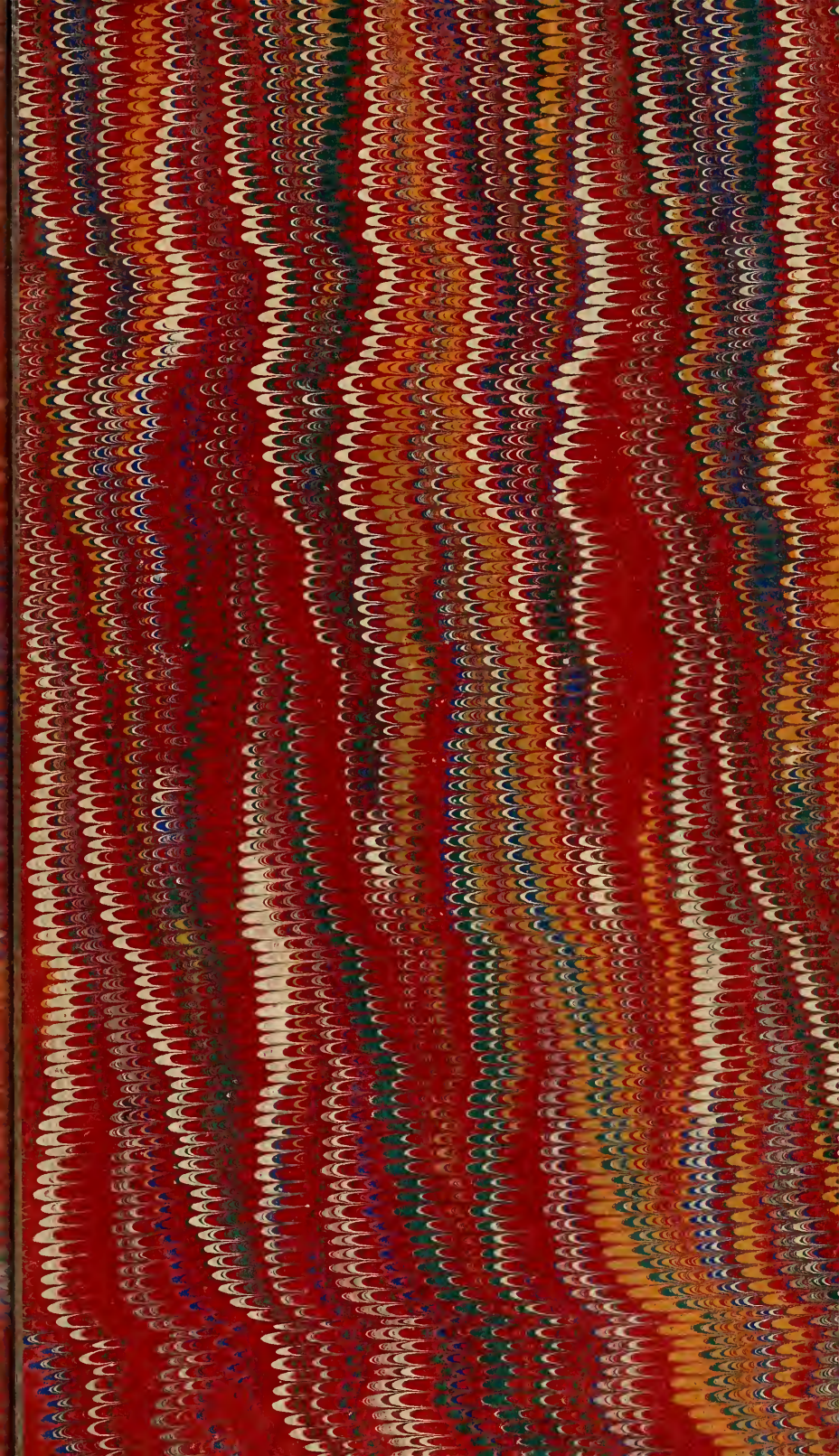












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